SHOW TIME

THE NEW FILM MONTHLY 9D
FEBRUARY 1964

ELKE SOMMER'S NIGHT OUT WITH ALBERT FINNEY

-

MARRIAGE AND ME BY CLAUDIA CARDINALE

-

FULL COLOUR PORTRAIT OF BILLY FURY

-

YUL BRYNNER IN KINGS OF THE SUN

ELKE
SOMMER

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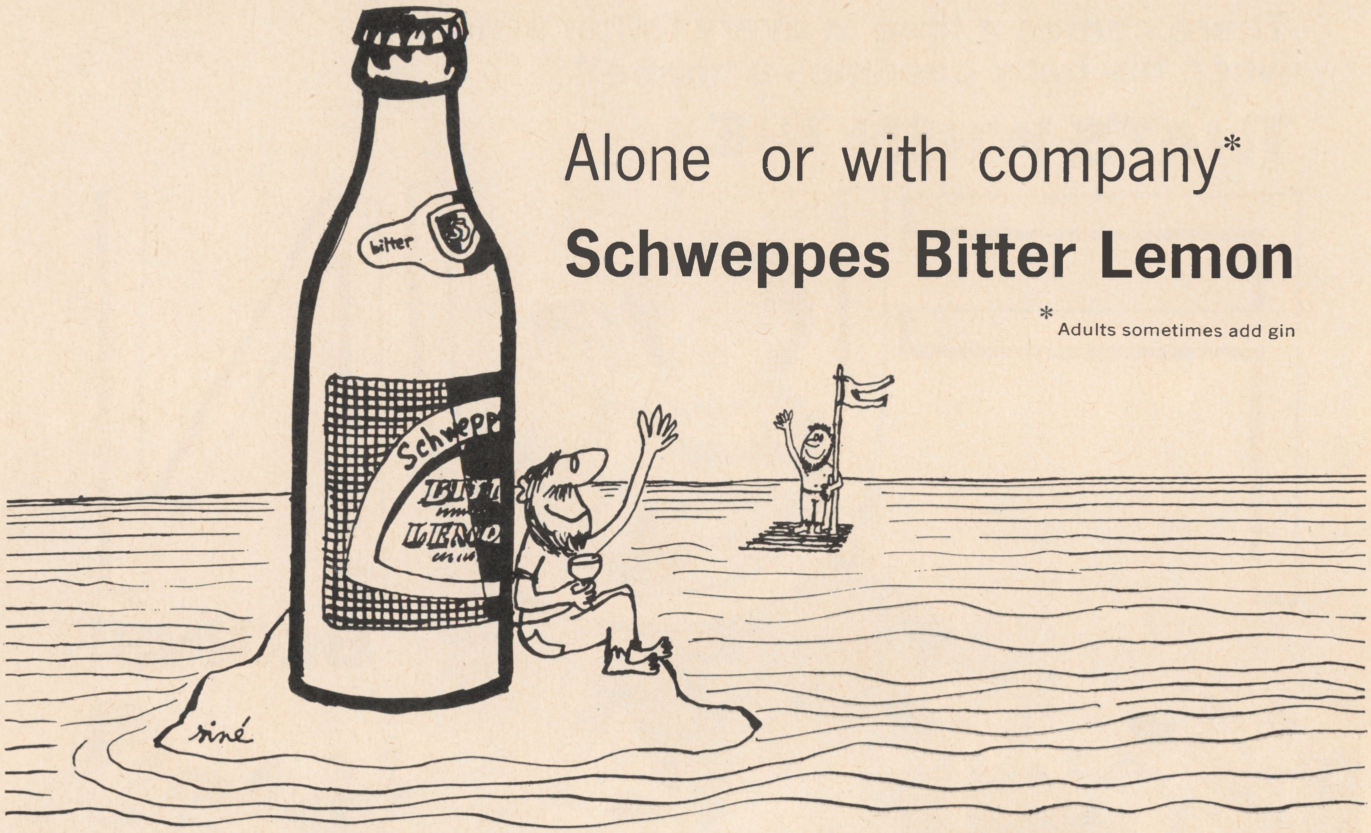

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TREVOR
HOWARD

How I handled Two Hell-Raisers

When it came to casting the part of Major John Kensington in *The Man In The Middle* I knew I had a problem.

It was this: Kensington was a character who had to make the main figure in the story look stupid by sheer force of personality. And with Robert Mitchum playing the main figure I knew it would not be easy.

However, it had to be done. If the right actor was not found for the part the film would not make sense.

It would be rather like having a Mr. Ordinary steal the girl from Cary Grant. No one would accept it. The man would really have to be something special.

And so it was for this picture. We had to find someone special.

When I discovered that Trevor Howard was interested in playing the part I knew I need look no further.

The Man In The Middle tells the story of Lieutenant Winstone. The time is towards the end of World War II, when there was considerable friction between the British and American Commands stationed in India.

It is Winstone—brilliantly played, I think, by Keenan Wynn—who makes matters a thousand times worse. In front of 11 witnesses he kills in cold blood a British Sergeant. He admits his guilt with no show of emotion.

This is where Robert Mitchum comes in. He is detailed to handle the defence—just a satisfactory, intelligent and responsible defence. There must be no basis for an appeal.

Immediately, however, Mitchum comes to the conclusion it is not as simple as that. He has reason to believe Winstone is insane. But he is told he hasn't a hope of proving the man's insanity.

It is in his desperate attempt to do this that Trevor Howard enters as Major Kensington. Kensington, a Medical Officer and qualified psychiatrist, can provide just the evidence Mitchum is looking for at the trial. But Howard, too, has been ordered not to interfere.

It is in the scenes that follow that Howard has to leave Mitchum with egg on his face.

The script calls for him to make Mitchum look small. He has to send him up and be insulting in a charming sort of way.

I think these scenes between Mitchum and Howard are some of the most exciting in the film.

Mitchum is no Perry Mason in the film—he is rather out of his depth as far as the legal proceedings are concerned. But Howard's task of making him look small was made easier by Mitchum himself.

For Mitchum is just about one of the most unselfish actors I have ever worked with.

He gives the impression he doesn't give a damn and I've heard it said he sleeps his way through pictures. But don't you believe it! He knows exactly what he is doing and he gives each part he plays tremendous thought.

This was obvious during his scenes with Howard. The two actors helped each other. They got the best out of each other.

I knew that these two were known as hell-raisers in the business—and I wondered just how they would get on together on the screen.

Mitchum and Howard –

they make a tremendous team

By GUY HAMILTON

Well, I think they make a tremendous team.

Of course they work differently and, as the director, I had to see this didn't trouble either of them.

Mitchum, for instance, is a one take actor. On the other hand Howard is inclined to get better each time you shoot a scene.

I think each man realised this and tried to help the other.

I'm sure Mitchum realised with a man like Howard in a scene with him he couldn't afford to go to sleep. His performance is tremendous.

One thing I learned from these two actors was the fact that they might be known as hell-raisers, but two more professional men you would find it difficult to find. They always knew their lines and they were always on the set on time.

But where they get their energy from I don't know.

Mitchum, for instance, would turn up early in the morning looking as fresh as a daisy.

"Why did you leave the party so early?" he'd ask.

Early to him was 1 a.m.!

I think in *The Man In The Middle* we have an exciting picture.

Its theme is that because you can't lick 'em you don't have to join 'em. A point that even today is, I think, well worth making.

Hamilton with his two stars.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS ALL THE STARS IN THE NEWS

the mike tomkies

FINCHIE LOOKS FOR £100,000

You work and struggle for years and finally, with a bit of luck too, you make it. You're a star. But even then you find you can't make the kind of film you want.

You may have won box-office polls galore, you may even have been acclaimed a great actor, but unless your film idea fits an easily recognisable money-making formula, you won't find any backers.

Take Peter Finch. It is two years since he bought the film rights to *The Hero*, a beautiful anti-war book. He wants to direct it and co-produce it. He wants only £100,000, which is peanuts for producing a film, but he hasn't been able to raise the money in this country.

"I'm up to my ears with pre-production costs after paying for the book rights, scripting, location hunting and budgeting," Peter told me on the set of *The Pumpkin Eater*. "I'm well in debt personally. I haven't quite hocked myself lock, stock and barrel but lock and stock certainly!

"I believe in this story and I'm going to make it even if I have to go to Italy (where the action takes place) with a couple of hand cameras and shoot the thing on my own.

"Potential backers take fright because it's anti-heroic and not the usual 'bang bang' commercial story. But I KNOW it will be commercial if it's made well. I don't believe there is any particular formula for commercial success.

"So far I've raised money entirely from Italy and I shall start making the film in the autumn, purely on location without ever going into a studio.

"I can't make it as a British quota picture because I'd have to spend 75 per cent of the money in England to qualify for that and the story does not justify that.

"I'll just have to take the risk that it's such a good picture it will get released for that reason alone. It's been a headache, I can tell you.

"It would probably be easier to raise the money if I appeared in the film myself, but I don't believe you can do both—act and direct. Alan Bates has promised to play the lead and he, like me, is rarin' to go.

"Really, it's been far more difficult than I ever suspected. Distributors wouldn't finance me either so at the moment all I have is Italian money.

"I wish there was some daring character here who would say '*Well, I think it's going to be ruddy good and I'll take a risk on 40 per cent.*' "

Peter, who stars in Chekhov's *The Seagull* in the West End theatre next month (March), will be spending his days working out his problems on *The Hero*.

Perhaps that elusive backer he seeks might be on to a good thing.

For Peter's last directorial effort, a half-hour film called *The Day*, won an international award and a great deal of critical acclaim.

Peter Finch is not alone. Kenneth More, who for years topped British box-office polls and whose film *Reach for The Sky* is still one of the biggest money-makers this country's ever had, has a pet subject he wants to star in. It's the Resistance novel, *The White Rabbit*.

The Boulting Brothers bought the film rights and had a screenplay written which Ken describes as "the greatest script I have ever read." But again, no one would finance it and it's been shelved.

"There were some reservations about making another film about war-time resistance," says Ken, "but to me that isn't convincing because really it's the story of a man, a story of tremendous courage, and I think it would be even better than *Reach For The Sky*.

"But it would be costly—about £400,000—as you would have to re-create war-time Paris and things like that.

"No one is prepared to take a chance on a film of that nature today so it's rather fallen through. But believe me, if there was a chance to do it even now, I'd drop everything else.

"After I finished *The Greengage Summer*, I waited a whole year, turning down everything else, because I thought I was going to make *The White Rabbit*. Oh well, that's the business, I suppose. You just have to accept it."

When you think of some of the rubbish that DOES get enthusiastic backing, it makes you rather sick, doesn't it?

Talking of risks, isn't it ironic that after more than 70 films, it might take TV to make Leslie Phillips a really big, big name in this country?

It's a tribute to Leslie's courage that after his recent parts in comedy films as the professional "cad" or "wolf", he should take to playing the modern "with it" Vicar in TV's *Our Man At St. Mark's* series.

The first series last autumn began to knock *Coronation Street* for the No. 1 slot in the TAM ratings in some areas and the new series may well become THE top TV show. After just four shows, Leslie's fan mail increased ten times, and in two weeks he had more requests for news interviews than he's had before in TWO YEARS!

It has certainly increased his stock as a film actor, too. No one deserves it more than a man who a few months ago was filming *And Daddy Came, Too*, rehearsing for the TV show, starring in the West End show *Boeing-Boeing*, and doing the radio show *The Navy Lark* all at the same time. HALF that amount of work has caused breakdowns in other actors.

But behind Leslie's debonair front lies a will of iron.

He told me: "In my career I've thought '*Oh God I'm typed for ever,*' many times. In 1948 I thought I was tied to nice young Cockney parts.

"When I played *Charley's Aunt* in the West End, I thought I'd never get away from THAT image because people never asked me to do anything else.

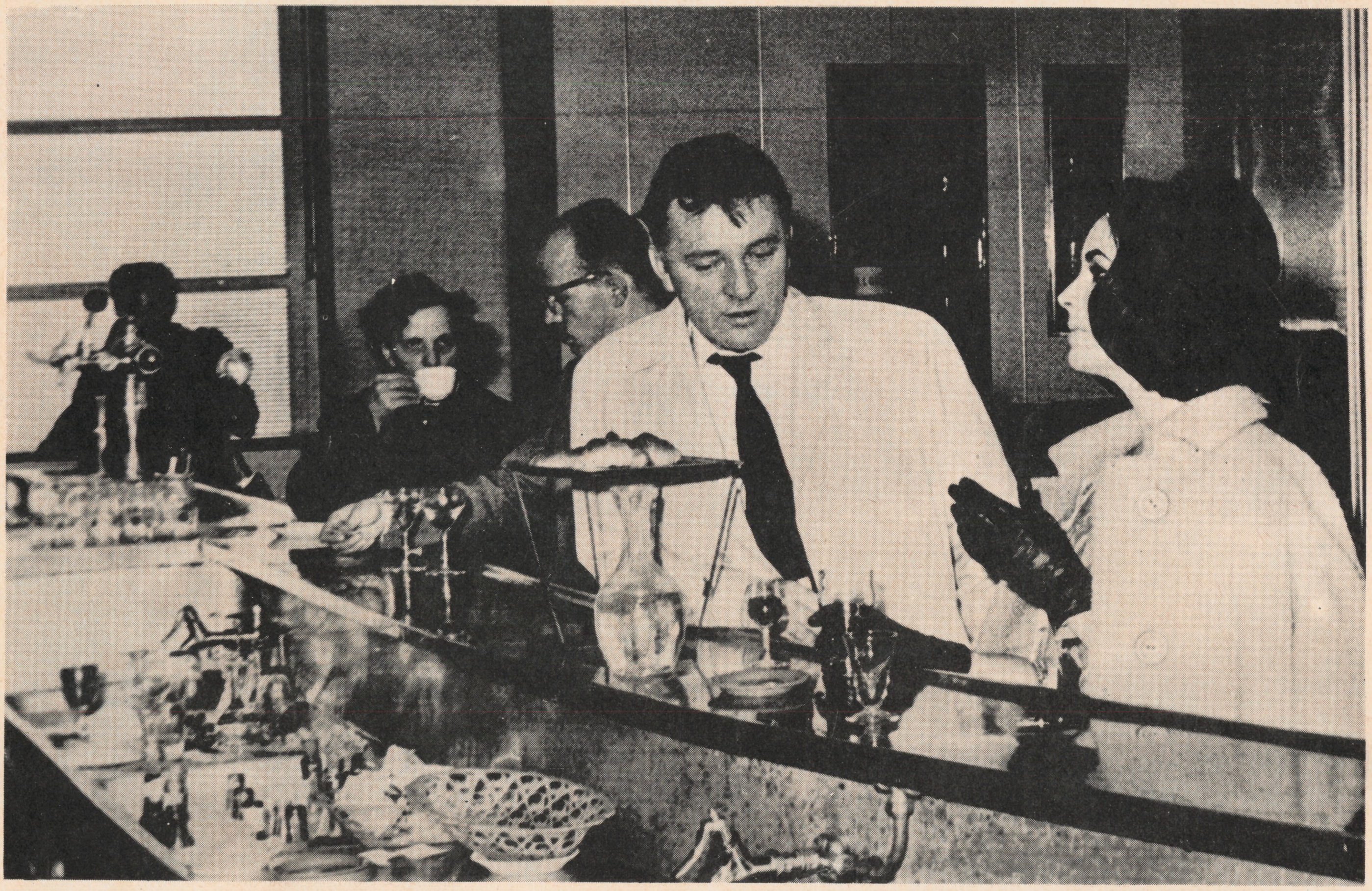
"Five years ago I played a murderer in a successful play and I was tagged again for months, but I broke away again.

"To an actor any form of success is a trap. But the moment life becomes 'safe' in acting, the moment you are on to a good wicket in a certain type of part, you are in danger. You must always turn your back when things look good, not get bogged down even in a TV series that's popular. You must always break away and try something new.

"I always remember when I was doing well—the leading man in a rep company—an old character actress, doomed to play fruity old ladies in rep to the end of her days, told me '*You're doing too well here—get out!*' I've never forgotten her or that advice."

Good advice for any actor—but how many have the courage to carry it out?

column



● *Just an ordinary coffee-bar in Paris . . . but at the counter a famous couple, Liz Taylor and Richard Burton. For her a coke, for him a brandy. And for them both a few minutes away from the crowds and film cameras.*

Samantha Eggar, star of *Psyche 59*, has been paid a remarkable compliment by Paris fashion house, Nina Ricci. They offered to design for her, so she gets a ball gown and other clothes at cut prices, and returns them after a few airings for new ones.

It happens all the time between Paris fashion houses and French actresses, but this is the first time it's ever happened to an English girl.

A most Uncommon, Common Market.

Few rising stars have had the kind of lucky break that James Coburn (remember the tall guy in *The Magnificent Seven* who was faster with a knife than anyone with a gun?) had when he was struggling in New York.

"I was broke, was trying to pay for lessons at the famous Stella Adler school and, with some other guys, was trying to run a rep company in a hired theatre.

"Then my agent sent me for a TV commercial—for razors. I sat with nine other guys in front of a mirror—with three days' growth of beard. The ad men stood there with stop-watches and said '*Right, GO!*' I shaved my beard off in 57.4 secs. '*Marvellous*,' they said. '*You've got the job.*'

"That one advert with its repeat fees, paid for my clothes, my rent, my food and my acting fees for nearly three years!"

And now James is co-starring opposite James Garner and Julie Andrews in *The Americanisation Of Emily*.

Peter Sellers, who plays three roles in *Dr. Strangelove, Or How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love The Bomb*, is, after six years hard slogging, our biggest international star.

How does he feel he achieved it?

"By working hard and NOT following Socrates' advice—'*Know*

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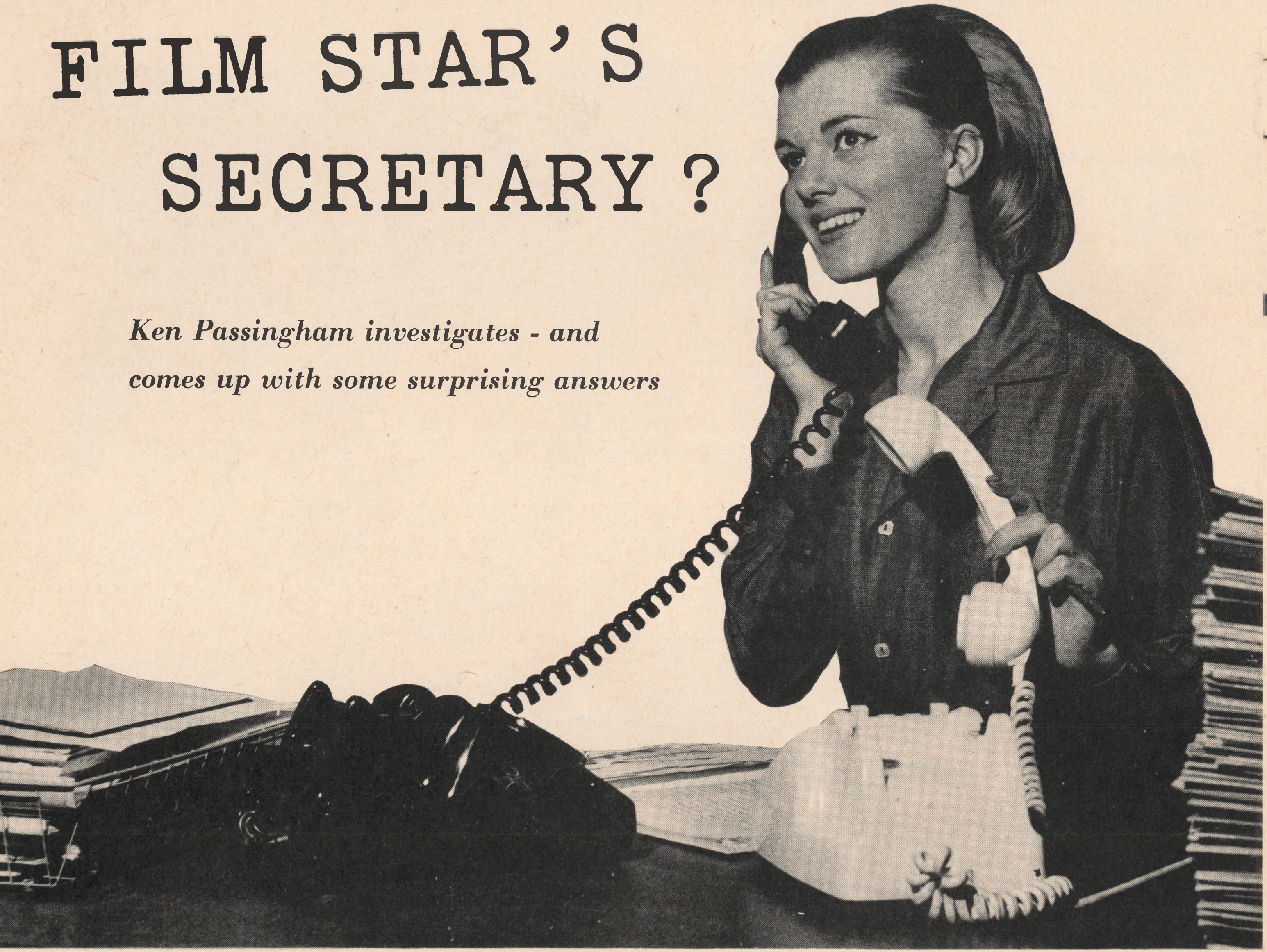
HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A FILM STAR'S SECRETARY?

Ken Passingham investigates - and comes up with some surprising answers



I ONCE knew a secretary who kept a special pair of shoes in the bottom draw of her desk. Special because she only wore them when she went in to take dictation from her boss.

They were a dolly pair of shoes. Patent leather with stiletto heels. And she wore them because she knew they set off her legs to advantage—but, rather more important, they seemed to put the boss in a good temper for the rest of the day.

And if you're a secretary working for a film star, film producer, or film director—indeed, anyone in showbusiness where temperaments are apt to spark off like exploding firecrackers—a certain amount of psychology is worth its weight in pay-packets.

It sounds glamorous enough, of course. Girls have visions of flying out to remote, exotic locations and dream of taking down the boss's golden words in the shade of palm trees, as the surf splashes gently on to dazzling white sand.

Well, as the man said, it ain't necessarily so.

The first qualification any film tycoon demands in a secretary—particularly if she is to handle his personal problems to boot—is energy.

She must be physically tough to withstand long hours during shooting, and she must be mentally strong to endure the arguments that inevitably ensue when temperaments clash like cymbals over the technical aspects of film-making.

So let's get down to cases and assume that you already know that beehive hairdo's are out and stocking seams should be straight.

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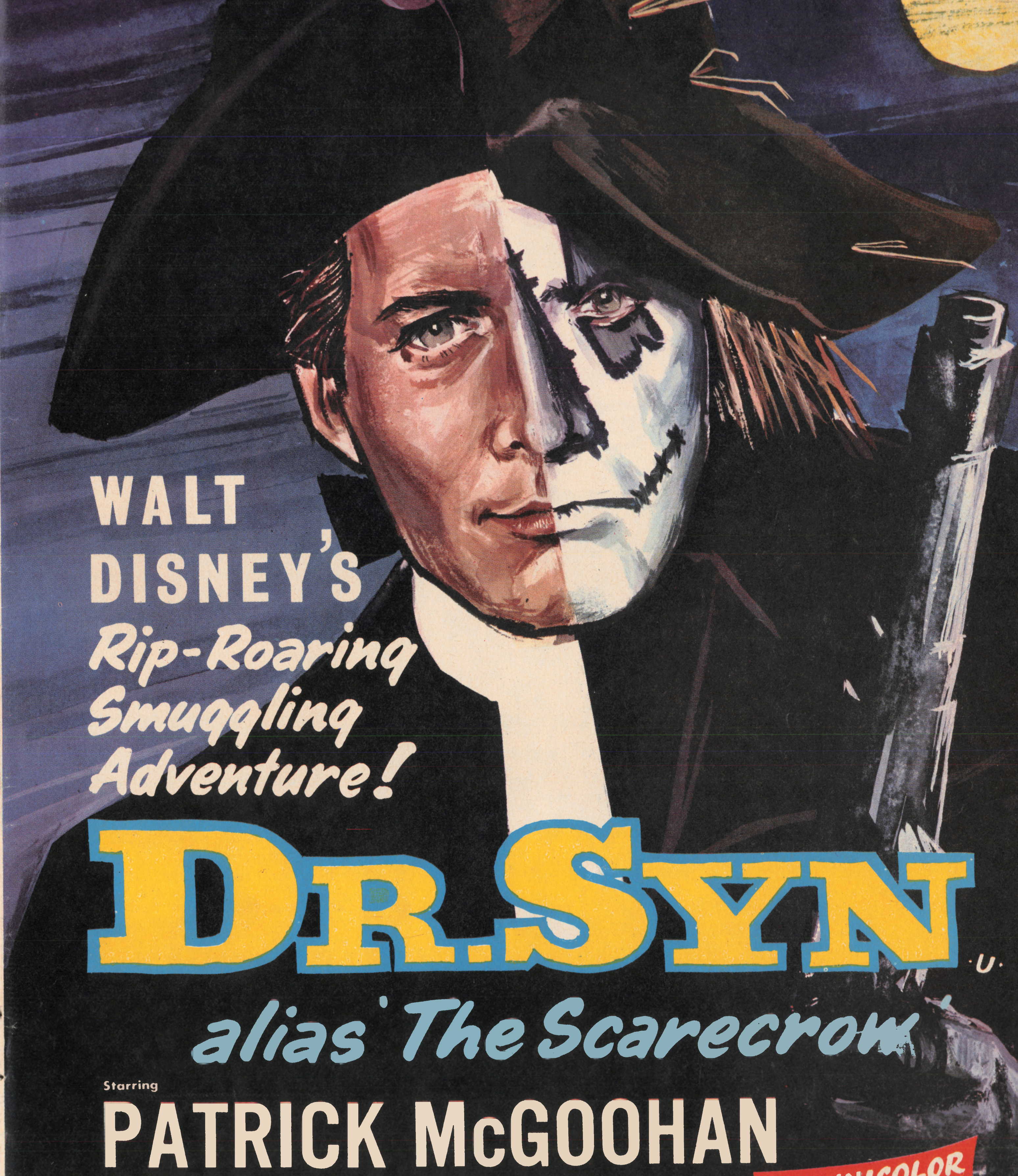


WALT
DISNEY'S
*Rip-Roaring
Smuggling
Adventure!*

DR. SYN

U

alias 'The Scarecrow'

Starring

PATRICK McGOOHAN

GEORGE COLE · TONY BRITTON

TECHNICOLOR

MICHAEL HORDERN · GEOFFREY KEEN

Associate Producer HUGH ATTWOOLL · Screenplay by ROBERT WESTERBY
Co-Producer BILL ANDERSON · Directed by JAMES NEILSON

After a Twist the couple relax with a drink and a cigarette.

' Usually I find Englishmen rather dull. But not this one! '

I TELL you—this Albert Finney is the most popular man in town. With the opposite sex, that is. Mention his name to any girl who has met him and her eyes will look dreamily to heaven, she'll sigh and you'll have difficulty getting any sense out of her for at least five minutes.

ELKE SOMMER'S...

The lights are low and the music is romantic . . . work seems a million miles away.

"Show me a girl who doesn't think he has sex-appeal and I'll show you a girl who doesn't know what she's talking about," said one admirer. "Peter O'Toole may be better looking and Cary Grant more mature—but Finney is a knock out. His charm is irresistible."

There are many who know Finney who would agree with those sentiments. Actresses who have worked with him talk about the experience for months afterwards, and those who haven't long for the opportunity.

One actress who has worked with the popular Finney is the German beauty, Elke Sommer.

They both appear in Carl Foreman's *The Victors*. From the moment they met the two got on like a house on fire.

"Finney is tremendous," said Elke soon after she was introduced. "He's great fun to be with. Usually I find Englishmen rather dull. But not this one!"

It was on a visit to Berlin that Elke and Finney became firm friends. Elke knew her way around the city, but Finney was a stranger there—so Elke offered to show him around.

The date turned out to be great fun. First they went for a drink—not to one of the fashionable bars at the Berlin Hilton, but to one of the smaller, more typical German beer houses.

Then they had dinner—not at a luxury restaurant, but a small, inexpensive place.

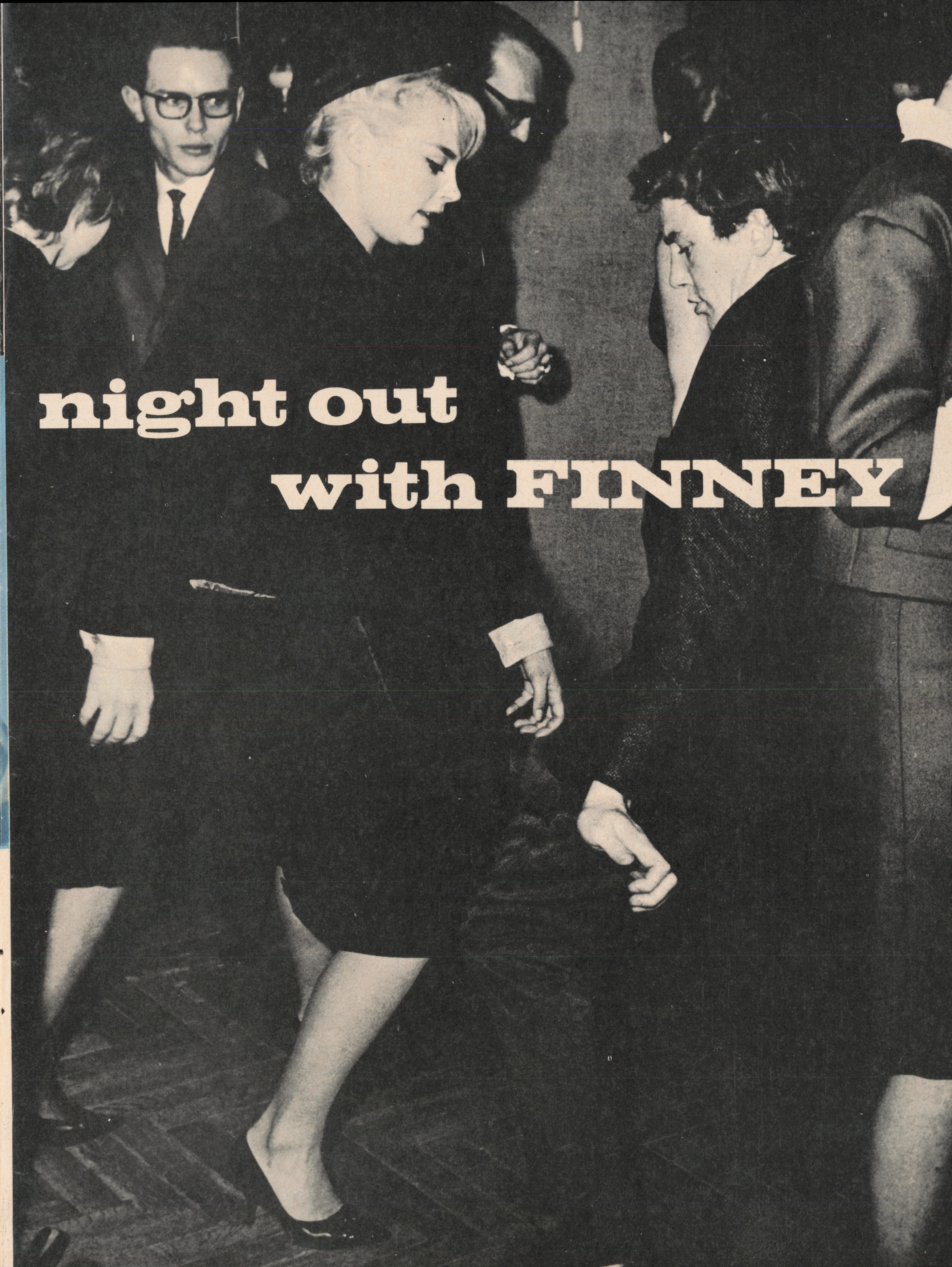
The best part of the evening came later when they found a crowded night club in the centre of the city, where they could dance unnoticed. No one realised they had in their midst two of the world's most popular young film personalities.

It was a splendid evening and Finney was really impressed with the city.

He was even more impressed with his beautiful partner and guide for the evening.

And Elke? Ask her about her date and, like the other girls who know Finney, she'll look dreamily to heaven, and you'll have difficulty getting any sense out of her for at least five minutes . . .

night out with FINNEY



Marriage and Me

By CLAUDIA CARDINALE

SHE was Twisting in the middle of the floor when I arrived at her hotel room. And believe me this girl can Twist.

She was wearing a cashmere sweater that seemed one size too small, and black, toreador trousers. Her hair was splashed around her face and she looked fresh and gorgeous, despite a long, hard day's filming.

I had heard a lot of good things about Claudia Cardinale. One man, whose opinion I respect, had told me: "Coming face to face with her is like taking a walk at night and finding the sun."

Now I knew what he meant.

She finished her Twist and, after ordering drinks, joined me on the sofa. Her face was scrubbed of make-up and her eyes were bright and intelligent.

Novelist Alberto Moravia once described it as a face that expressed timidity, insecurity, immaturity and inexperience. He had obviously studied her well.

"Moravia understands me," said Miss Cardinale after sipping her drink. "I know people have said I am confident and have an answer for everything, but it's not true. Confident? I am terribly insecure. Especially about my work. On the first day of a new film I am always sick."

She continued: "My career means very much to me. I worry about it—but I would hate to be called a career girl. A career girl thinks of nothing but her work and that is not true of me.

"There are other things and I am aware of them. Marriage, for instance. All Italian girls think a lot of marriage. If a girl in Italy is not married by the time she is 24 it is thought very strange. Italian girls marry for security, as much as anything, I think.

"Me? Yes, I want to get married, and if I got married I would work very little. I think it is impossible to work as much as I do now and have a happy marriage. It is particularly difficult for me because it is

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A Peter Tipthorp Interview

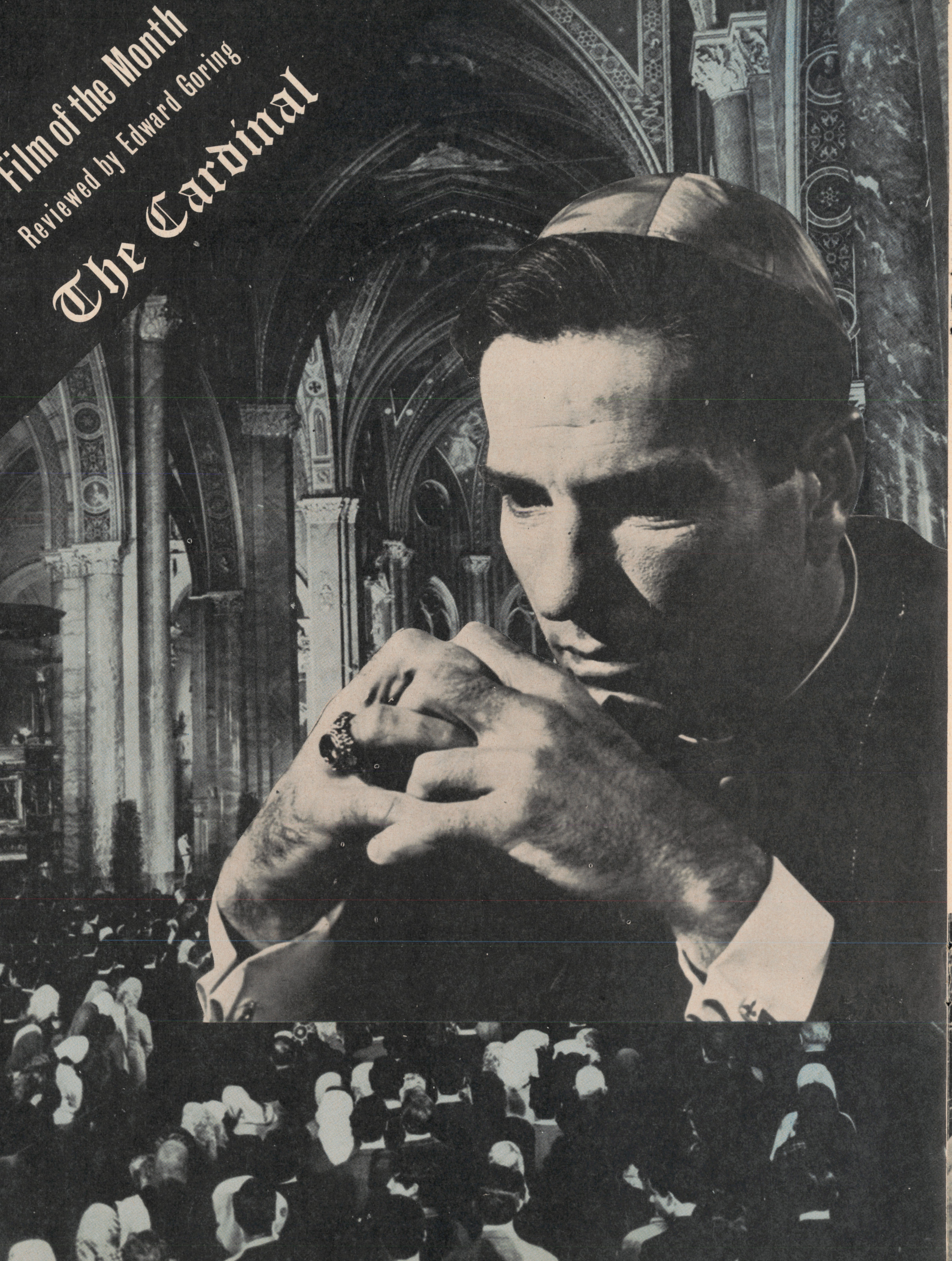
"I think it is impossible to work as much as I do and have a happy marriage," says Claudia.

CLAUDIA
CARDINALE

Film of the Month

Reviewed by Edward Goring

The Cardinal



BRYNNER

You've got to hand it to Yul Brynner—he will tackle any role that comes his way, if he thinks it's different from the last one and will help him to make a fresh impact on the public.

Since his Oscar winning performance in *The King And I*, films like *Anastasia*, *The Magnificent Seven* and *Taras Bulba* have proved he will try anything once.

Brynner's latest role is probably his most difficult to date: he portrays a North American savage chieftain, Black Eagle, in the new United Artists picture, *Kings Of The Sun*.

The story is set in the tropical jungles on the Yucatan Peninsula (Mexico, as we know it today) where there lived the Mayans, a people unique in history.

Without metals, without horses or other animals, without the wheel, these people built roads, pyramids and temples. They devised a higher system of mathematics than the Romans and created a calendar as accurate as the one used today.

In addition to examining the world of the Mayans, *Kings Of The Sun* focuses on three people—Brynner, as the savage chieftain who finds his land invaded by the noble and unrelenting Mayans; George Chakiris, as Balam, the young King of the Mayans; and Shirley Ann Field, as the Mayan girl who loves them both.

Kings Of The Sun promises to be one of the year's biggest money-spinners. Certainly Brynner's performance in it has prompted favourable comment from all who have seen it.

Director J. Lee Thompson was particularly impressed. "Brynner's performance is completely different from any he has given before," he said. "He could have played another King of Siam or a bombastic Taras Bulba—he could have played safe. Instead he chose a very difficult road.

"The role of the savage was not easy. He has done it very cleverly—no shouting, no loud defiance, but strength merely implied rather than demonstrated. Any actor will tell you that underplaying, especially in the case of Brynner, is asking for trouble. I'm glad to say he's superb."

Brynner today is a very rich man. For *Kings of the Sun* he gets 10 per cent of the gross box-office takings with a guaranteed salary of £100,000 should the film not be a success.

"Certainly I have plenty of money," says Brynner. "But to be rich is not enough. What's the use of having money if you don't know how to spend it—and so few millionaires in the world know how. But even if I did spend lavishly, as some say I do, I have enough not to worry about ever having to work again. Which is a nice position to be in—but, man, I've worked damned hard for it!"

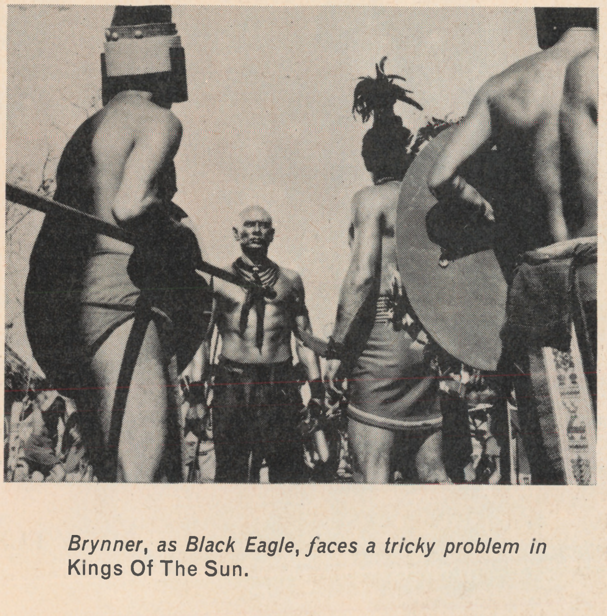
Kings Of The Sun took almost two years to complete. Director Thompson spent months scouting locations in Mexico.

On one trip he took blueprints of the boats the Mayans had used and commissioned a Mexican firm to build 20 of them out of fibreglass. The craft were transported by special train to the filming location in Mazatlan.

These boats, incidentally, were so designed that the Mayan prow and stern could later be removed, thereby adapting the ships to modern-operating and modern-looking fishing boats.

Another instance of the detailed planning required by a project the size of *Kings Of The Sun* is reflected in the costumes. Costume designer

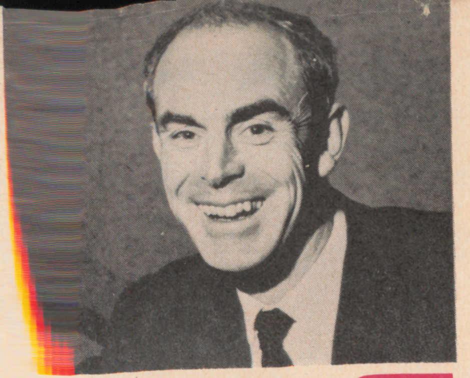
With co-star Shirley Ann Field.



Brynner, as Black Eagle, faces a tricky problem in Kings Of The Sun.

BILLY FURY

ne latest news and gossip from the disc world



the Dick Tatham column

A film for Billy Fury?

Will Billy Fury hit it big in films during 1964? If he does, it will be high time. If you remember, the former tugboat-hand from Liverpool made his screen bow as Billy Universe—boss of a group called the Satellites—in a frolic called *Play It Cool*. But that was filmed two years ago—and we are still waiting for Billy's follow-up.

This is odd. *Play It Cool* was no epic. But they say it showed a profit. Also—since it was made—Billy has chalked up hit discs, packed 'em in at stage shows and given every evidence of a solid fan following. ("Solid" being meant, of course, in the nicer sense).

There were even signs—especially during the latter part of 1962—that Billy might be shortening the popularity gap between himself and Cliff Richard.

But early in 1963 his manager, Larry Parnes, was quoted as saying. "The trouble is, Billy has not yet made a good film—whereas Cliff's *The Young Ones* was a really fine production." Mr. Parnes—a shrewd judge of the popbiz—was clearly with it.

But *what* happened to the Screen Epic For Billy campaign during 1963? Wisely, Parnes said at the outset that he didn't want to move till the right script was found. But though, later, one got the impression it *had* been found the year went by without a start being made.

We were not without *reports* of impending activity. These reports can roughly be grouped into three . . .

(1) In February last year, it was said Billy was to be the kingpin of a lush, spectacular musical. One music paper even said it would be "in colour and Cinemascope". Shooting was to start in April—then it was changed to "early summer"—though it was also stated contracts had not been signed.

(2) In July, a Sunday paper said plans were afoot to build Billy into a screen rival for Cliff. It named Julian Wintle as producer. I phoned Mr. Wintle. He confirmed the plans, but said the starting date wasn't till early 1964.

(3) In November, the music press announced a Fury film to be made in March, 1964. Billy to play a seaman. Colour and Cinemascope. I thought Julian Wintle might be involved. But he told me, "Mr. Parnes and I went seriously into the question of Billy Fury's screen career but signed no contract."

When I contacted Larry Parnes's office, he said details would be announced later—but that the film was definitely "on". Which is good to hear. If Parnes is finally satisfied he has found the right vehicle for Billy, I would rate the chances of a box-office winner extremely high.

The fact is that fans who watch Billy in a stage show see only one side of his personality: the explosive, exhibitionist side.

But Billy offstage is very different. He is quiet. Introspective.

To capture Billy's personality on the big screen would not be easy. But *if* it were done, I am sure he would make a tremendous impact and that a whole new career would open up for him. No doubt Larry Parnes realises this—and for that reason has looked so long and so carefully for the film that might do the trick.

Maybe two years is a long time to wait. But Billy is still only 22—quite young enough to be launched into a big screen career. Let's hope it now starts happening for him!

Continued on page 30

Britain's top pop writer brings you th

DON'T worry. No one preaches from the pulpit. There are no Golden Gate choirs and for most of the time Otto Preminger makes sure that *The Cardinal* avoids the maudlin pitfalls of plaster saints and pie in the sky.

For once here is a film about religion—and at the risk of being excommunicated by Wardour Street I must use that word—which does not just look at life through rose-coloured stained glasses.

The Cardinal is concerned with the real thing: the conflict of religion and everyday life in a far from perfect world.

Pride and prejudice, brutality to mind as well as body, lack of human compassion and its tragic results; such are the issues underlying this story of a priest's eventful progress from backwoods curate to American cardinal.

Even at his ordination in Rome there is more than a hint that Father Stephen Fermoyle will go far (and I do not simply mean back to his native Boston, Mass.) A highly-placed friend at the Vatican presents him with a bishop's ring, "*for when the day comes . . .*"

So begins a three-hour screen saga spanning the years between two world wars in which nearly every scene raises some ethical, often controversial question and traces the spiritual growth of a man born to the priesthood.

Home from Rome, young Father Fermoyle walks straight into the mixed-marriage problem. His own sister wants to marry a Jew and a revealing tactlessness in the Devout Irish Catholic Family Background soon wrecks the priest's chances of baptising the boy.

Fermoyle's confessional advice to his sister to give up her lover drives her from the arms of the Church into those of a hard-living touring tango dancer. And when the inevitable baby is on the way, so is another highly controversial problem.

Is it a sin to save a mother's life by killing an unborn child when doctors believe its birth could kill the mother? The Catholic answer is unequivocal. Abortion, whatever the circumstances, is murder. The child must be delivered; if the mother consequentially dies, it is God's will.

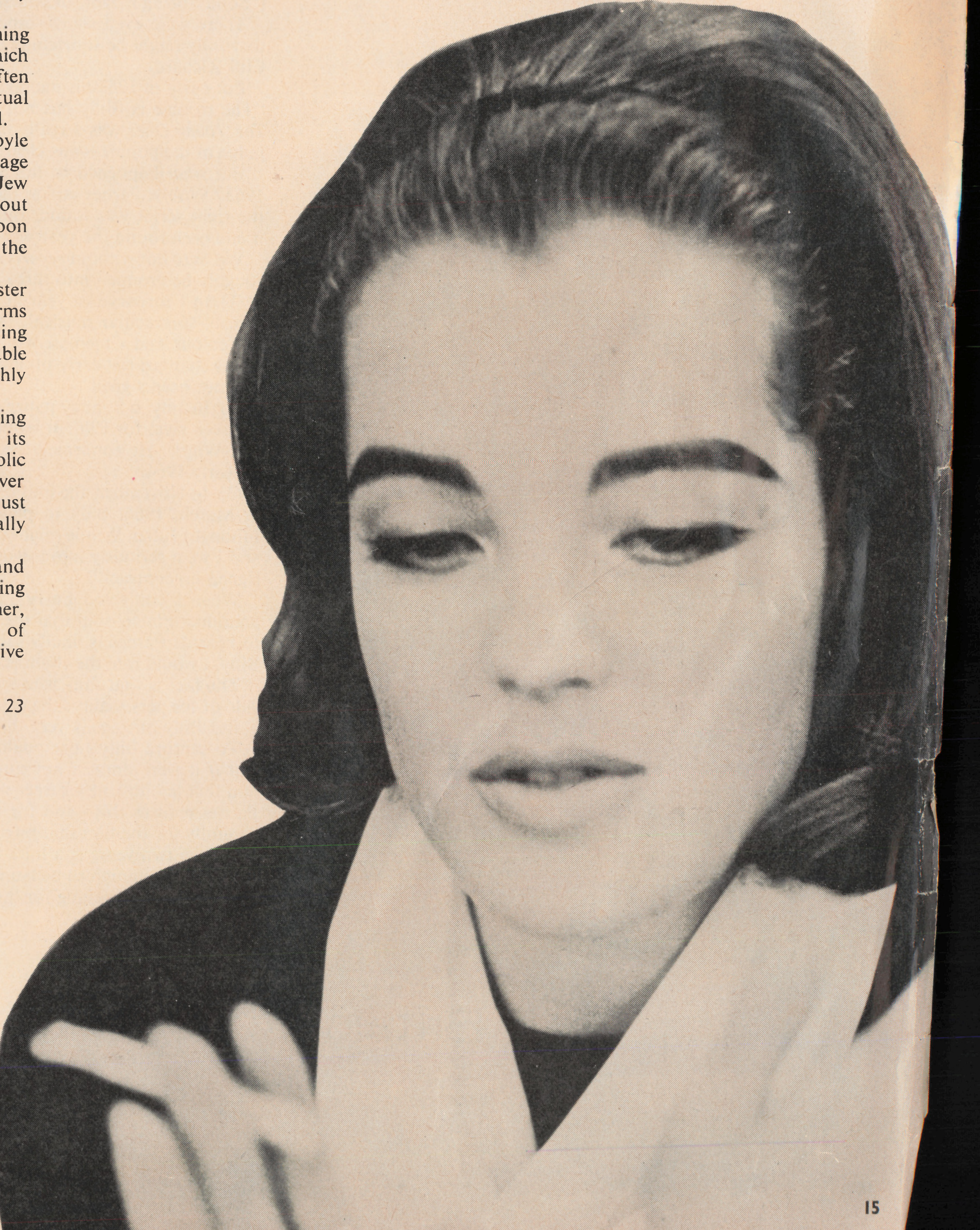
This is the answer Fermoyle must give and his conscience reels. Tortured by the feeling that in the role of Father he failed as brother, haunted by his sister's death, the seeds of self-doubt grow until he decides he must give up the priesthood.

Continued on page 23

VERLAGSANSTALT TYROLIA
DIE HEIMAT GRÜSST DEN FÜHRER
Heim ins Reich
CARDINAL
ND 33

The Nazi banners fly in Vienna.

Tom Tryon as Father Stephen Fermoyle.



Romy Schneider—the girl who tries to win Fermoyle's love.

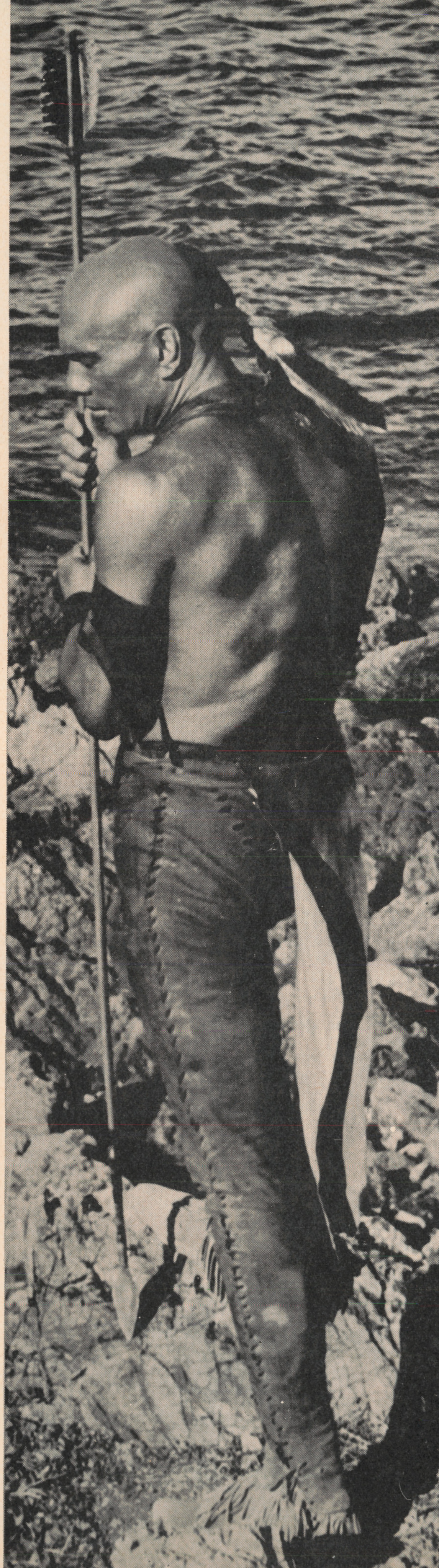
Showtime preview
by Linda Pearson

AS A SAVAGE

Norma Koch created costumes for all the stars and the entire cast of 15,000.

To ensure authenticity and historical accuracy of the costumes and all other props, the company made use of many books. And the Mexican National Museum loaned various pieces of Mayan jewellery and weapons to the company for duplication.

The entire task of creating the costumes and props was performed in special workshops.



WHO NEEDS A *Fancy* HAIR-DO?

THERE was a time, not long ago, when an actress wouldn't be seen outside her front door—let alone at a special function—unless she had spent the whole morning or afternoon at the hairdressers.

The result of those long hours in the chair was usually an extravagant, exaggerated hair-do designed to take the breath away. And often it did just that.

At last, however, that irksome era is over. Walk down the street, go to a party or a premiere, or set foot on a film set and you will find it difficult to spot a hair-do that is either ostentatious or exaggerated.

We are now going through the era of the simple, unaffected hair-do. It is a freshening era because it is proving that a girl can look stunning without all the tricks and treatments that were once necessary. It is proving also that a girl need not despair if she has straight hair, or if her hair is short. She is finding, too, that she does not have to dash to a mirror every five minutes to make sure a curl is not out of place. A quick flick of the comb is often all that is necessary.

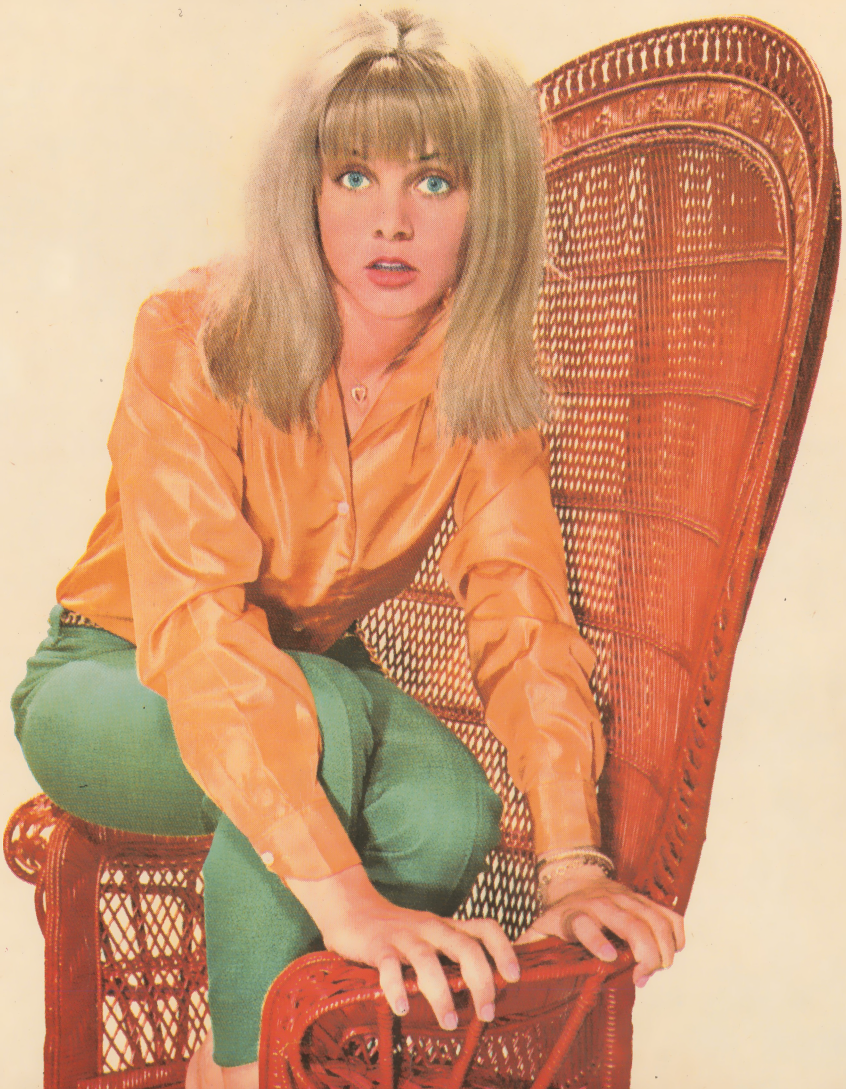
To spotlight this exciting new era Showtime sent MARGARET COWAN down to Pinewood studios to talk to EILEEN WARWICK, a top hairdresser who is responsible for some of the most effective hair-styles that you see on the screen today.

"In films we are going for the simple, natural hair-styles," she said. "We are keeping a girl as an individual and trying not to change her at all. Personally, I think this makes her much more appealing."

Why does Miss Warwick think the exaggerated hair-do has become a thing of the past?

"It's the tempo of living," she said. "Few girls have time to spend hours at the hairdressers. Remember, too, hair-styles have been brought in with new fashions. Today the fashions are simple—and so are the hair-dos."

In case you doubt it we have featured seven actresses who always insist on simplicity when they visit the hairdressers. They show how lovely a girl can look without all the trimmings. It could be one of the hair-dos would suit you.



Sue Lyon

The hair is long and straight and can be combed into place in about 30 seconds. It looks just as good after being swept by a strong wind or soaked by a sharp shower. All it needs is careful shaping to begin with. "You couldn't have a more natural and effective hair-do," says Eileen. "It's like a schoolgirl's." Well, that was the idea, wasn't it?

Sally Smith
The upswept hair is ideal for an oval face. But it is still essentially a simple hair-style. "There is just a little back-combing which is necessary to give fine hair more body," explains Eileen. "This style is quite easy to manage. It is particularly good for the smaller, short-necked girl. No waves or curls. It just frames the face. This style could be good for shorter hair—it certainly makes a girl look different with very little fuss or bother."
(Sally Smith stars in And Daddy Came, Too*).*

Samantha Eggar *(bottom picture)*
This is really long hair, with a natural thickness and lots of body. The hair is parted at the back and brought forward in two long curls. "This is a very casual style," says Eileen. "It is excellent for the young. This girl is a complete individual and she would lose much of her charm if she had her hair cut short."
(Samantha Eggar stars in Psyche 59*).*

Sandra Dee
The hair is soft and naturally wavy and even if she decides to take a dip, without protecting it, it will soon comb back and look as glamorous as it does here. "The hair is cut in different layers around the face to fall softly against the face," explains Eileen. "The style is specially good for extremely fine hair. She has no fringe and that's a good thing. A fringe depends on the shape of the forehead—this forehead is wide and a fringe would not look right."
(Sandra Dee stars in Take Her, She's Mine*).*

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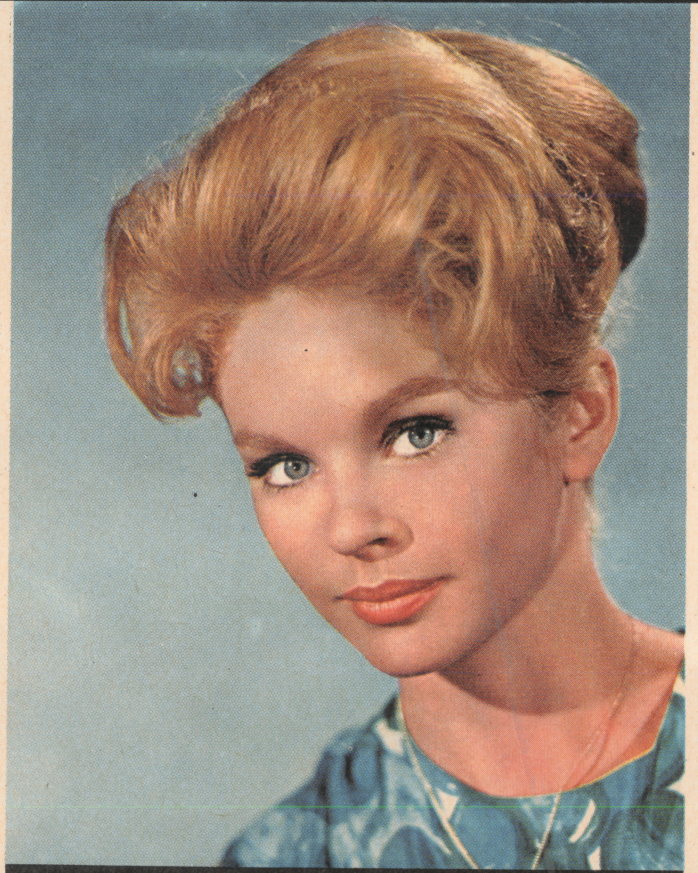
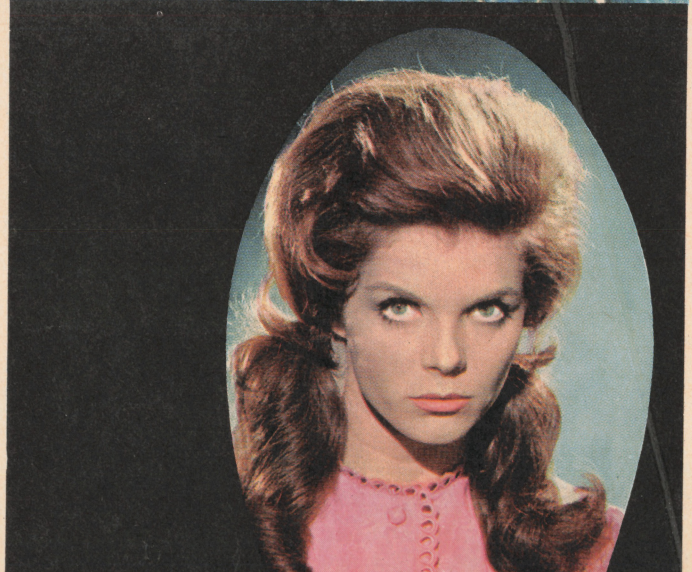
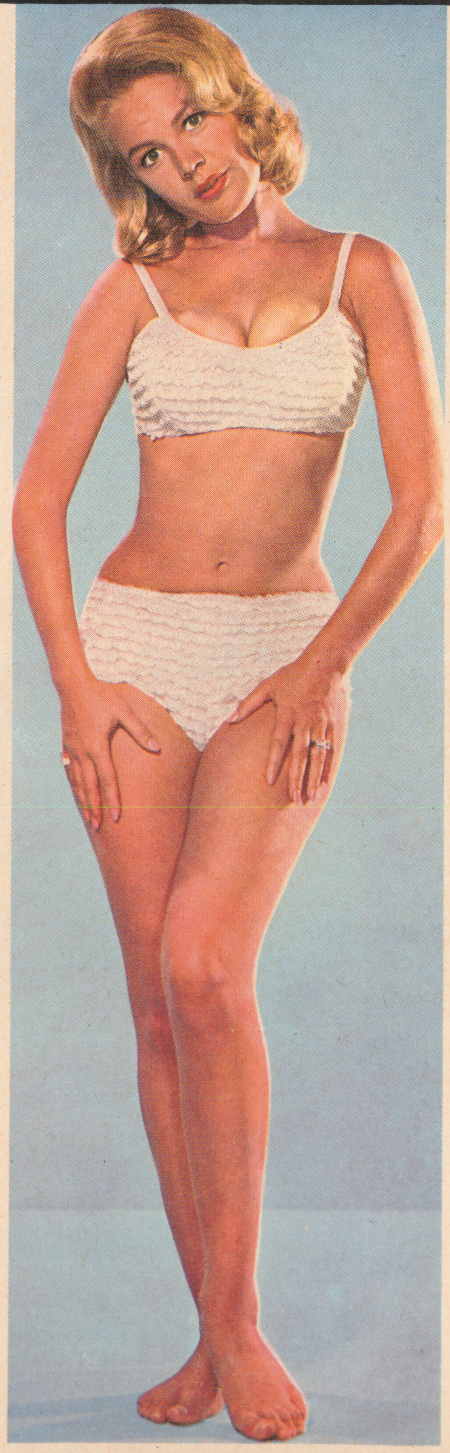


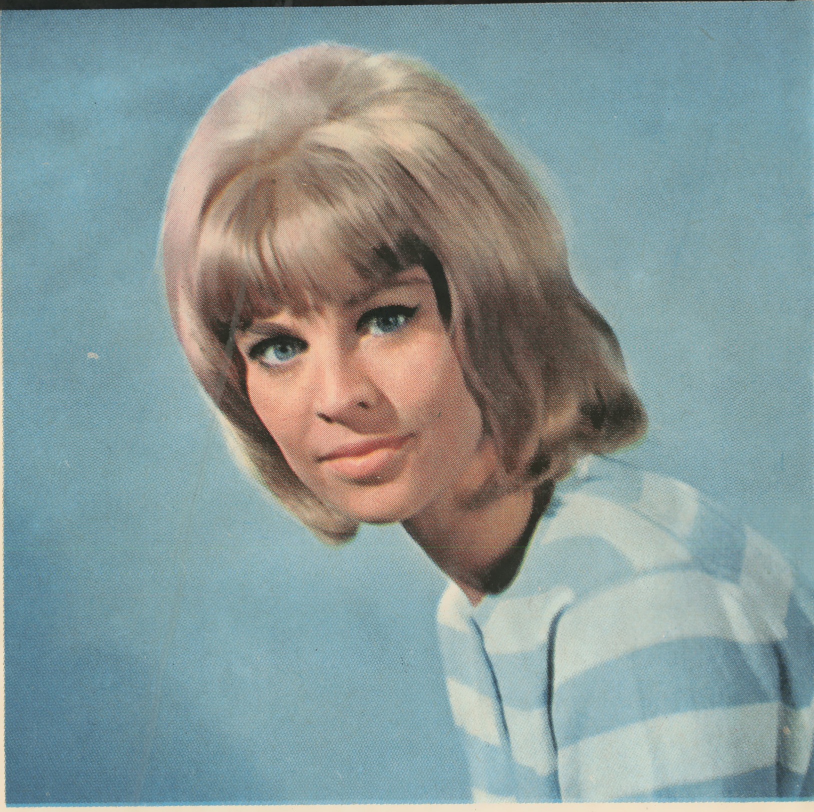




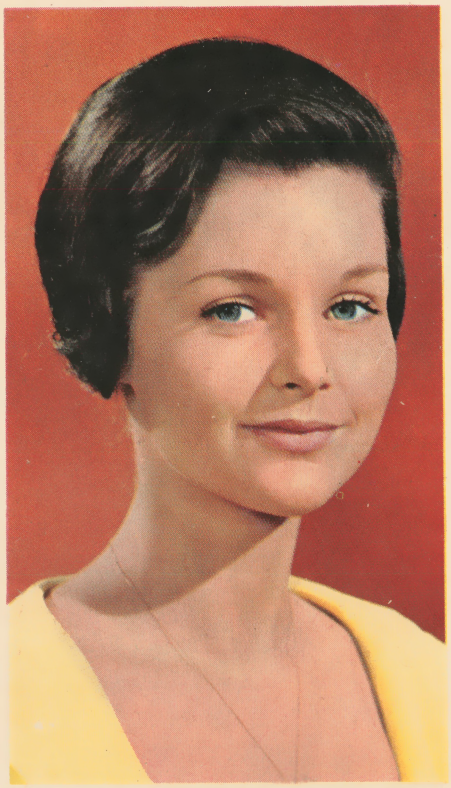
WHO NEEDS A FANCY HAIR-DO?

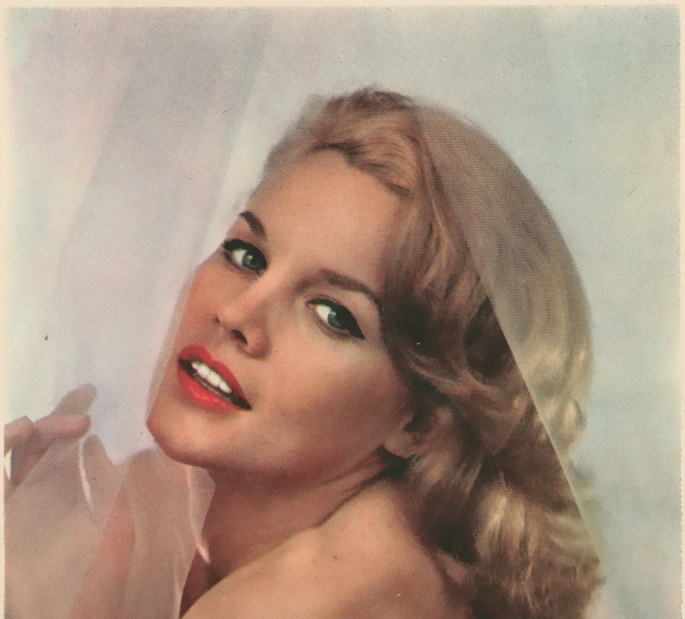
Continued from previous page

Julie Christie
Who said a fringe made a girl look old-fashioned? "This is very much the style of today," says Eileen, "with the heavy fringe and straight hair in a page-boy tucked-in shoulder length. Above the fringe the hair is slightly back-combed to give a little shape and height. The hair, parted in an uneven fashion, gives an unusual effect to a casual, everyday hair-style. It is most suitable for lank, difficult hair.



Carol Lynley
This is a perfect example of how sleek, short hair can act as a frame to show off the shape of the face and the beauty of the features, including the wide forehead and long neck. "This is a simple but sophisticated style," explains Eileen. "It needs a good hair-cut to begin with, but it can easily be shampooed at home and will look attractive with the minimum amount of effort."
(Carol Lynley stars in The Cardinal.)

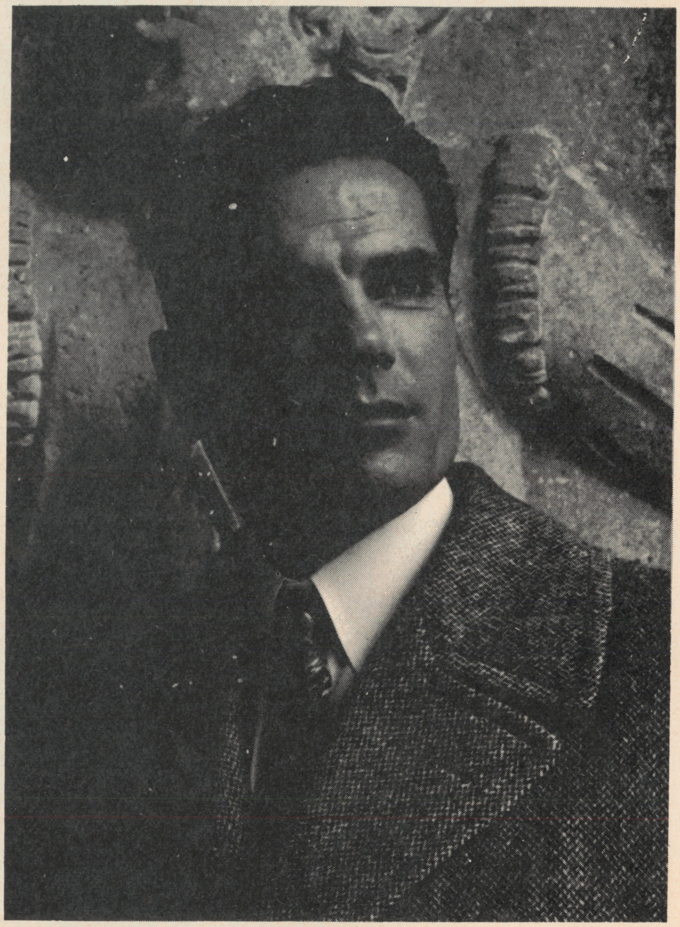




Caroll Baker
This is the kind of hair-do that would make most men look twice and is exactly right for this type of face. "Here is an example of the importance of grooming," says Eileen. "Her beautifully groomed hair falls naturally around the face in a simple style that has a touch of sophistication. It is a style that can be used for all occasions. The hair ends are both flicked up and rolled in —a clever way to make the hair look thicker than it really is."

The Cardinal

Continued from page 15



Tom Tryon: for a priest he waltzes divinely.

Acquiring humility in the process, his worldly and power-hungry superior persuades him to take time off to consider the nature of vocation, and turning down his first big promotion—to a post at the Vatican—he goes off as plain Mr. Fermoyle, in collar and tie, to teach in Vienna.

Now Tom Tryon, who stars as the priest, is handsome enough to keep most women keen on churchgoing and without the protection of a dog collar, his off-the-leash Father Fermoyle is soon prey to the pursuit of a determined beauty played by Romy Schneider. In no time, he is smoking cigarettes and for a priest he waltzes divinely!

But he realises, as his confessor should have told him, that nostalgic, romantic Vienna in the 'twenties is no place for a man to meditate his priestly vows. He retreats to a monastery and reappears in clerical collar, at the sight of which Miss Schneider, for the moment, melts away.

Action steps up dramatically in the last hour of *The Cardinal* when the film deals with the Church's duty in the face of world events of increasing ugliness.

By now Monsignor Fermoyle, with a post at the Papal court, advising on American affairs, he hurries to the scene of racial violence in Georgia ("*Keep our Catholic schools white*") and in a grotesquely effective sequence, suffers the whiplash beneath the blazing cross of the Ku Klux Klan.

In Europe, the same evil but on a vast scale, beneath the swastika of the Nazis. As Bishop Fermoyle he pleads with Austria's archbishop for the defence of principles against political expediency before narrowly escaping the wrecking, murdering mob violence which Hitler's thugs turn against the ecclesiastical palace.

And so, calling at Rome to collect his cardinal's hat, to America.

This is an extremely moving film, covering a large canvas of human behaviour, and handled by Preminger with a profound understanding of the issues involved.

Unlike Henry Morton Robinson's best-seller on which it is based, *The Cardinal* cannot deal with the issues in depth, even in three hours.

It raises questions without always stopping for an answer. "*Please, Father, if everybody goes to heaven, why go to all the bother of being a Catholic?*" Again, in war: "*Whose side is God on?*"

But while a Jesuit might quibble over the pills of dogma thickly coated with emotion, drama, and spectacle, *The Cardinal* is remarkable in being a religious film unlikely to cause offence.

It should have the blessing of Catholic cinemagoers in particular.

The panoply of liturgical ritual fills the screen with colour and the accuracy of detail is sure to satisfy the most meticulous master of ceremonies in St. Peter's, Rome.

It authentically captures the very catholicity of the Catholic Church, from the saintly priest dying happily in his impoverished parish to the silver-haired golden-tongued princes of the Church discussing fine points of Vatican diplomacy behind a barrier of brocaded baroque.

As I said, nobody actually preaches a sermon. The film itself is a sermon, in the most human terms. And I wish all sermons were as powerful as this.

FOOTNOTE: *The Cardinal*, well cast, full of excellent performances, contains a collector's item in John Huston's tycoon-like cardinal, worldly and ambitious for himself, but who believes that in curates it might be curable.

Marriage and Me

Continued from page 12

important to me that my career and my private life should be two different worlds.

"I would never talk to my husband about my work. But if I were filming all the time, there would be nothing else to discuss. I would put my husband first. My work would come a poor second.

"I am sure marriage would make me a happier person," she went on. "I hate to be alone. I can't stand it. Now I have my sister, Blanche, with me. I could not be without her. I think most girls are frightened to be alone.

"Marriage brings security. I'm not saying that's all it brings, but it's important. Getting married doesn't frighten me—but in marriage everything is true, everything is false. It is not easy."

She splashed more beer into my glass.

Then: "I have been so lucky with my career. Working with Luchino Visconti on *The Leopard* and Federico Fellini on *8½* was a tremendous experience. They are so different, those two. Fellini is friendly with everyone—it's like a big, happy family. He doesn't give strict orders about what to do.

"But with Visconti it is exactly the opposite. No one dare speak. There's absolute silence. If you do something wrong it's terrible. He and Fellini are miles apart, but they both get exactly what they want.

"Now I am in *Circus World* with this wonderful man, John Wayne. Just watching him you can learn so much. He's so enthusiastic, you'd think he was making his first picture."

We walked out on to the balcony overlooking the city, its bright lights flashing in the darkness.

"At first I was worried that they'd call me a sex symbol," said Miss Cardinale, as she watched the traffic thrashing along the street below. "I'd have hated that, but it hasn't happened. It nearly did when they linked my name with Brigitte Bardot—you know, all that publicity about C.C. being the girl to follow B.B. There will never be another Bardot and I hope I'm different enough for people to think there will never be another me.

"Actually I thought that calling me another Bardot might cause some trouble. I thought Brigitte would resent it. But she didn't. I met her in Brussels and she was wonderful to me. I had a short wig on, for a film I was making. '*Oh, goodness,*' she said, '*I thought for a minute you had cut your hair off. Never do that—you look much prettier with it long.*' I appreciated that. Usually there are barriers between two actresses—but if there was one between us she sent it crashing."

We went back into the warm room and Miss Cardinale's sister came in. It was time for dinner.

"People ask me if I've changed since all this happened to me," said Miss Cardinale. "I don't think I have changed at all. But ask my sister—she'll tell you the truth."

"No, Claudia hasn't changed a bit," said her sister. "But then I never thought she would."

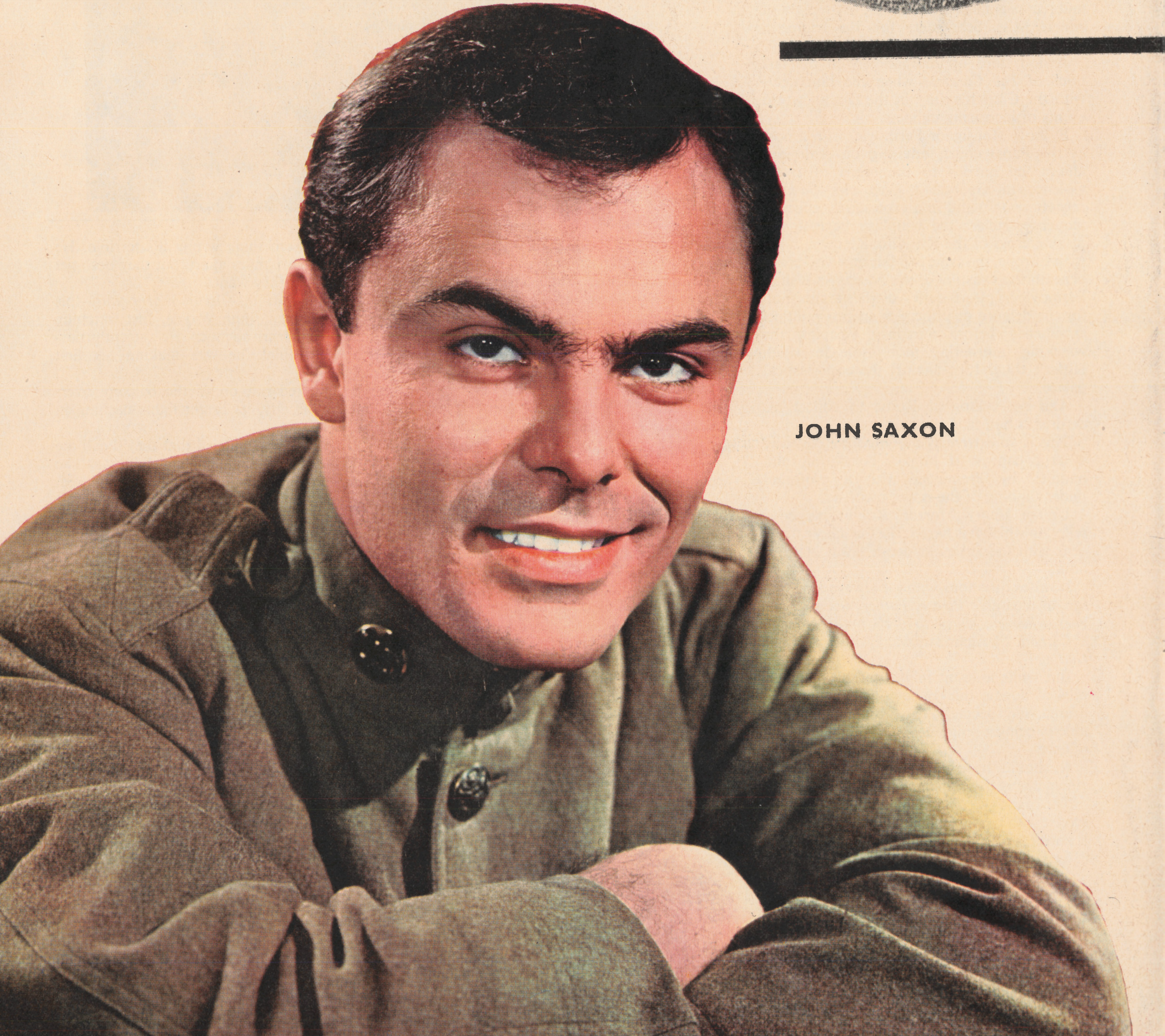
SHOWTIME MAIL

AT LAST - A BREAK FOR JOHN SAXON!

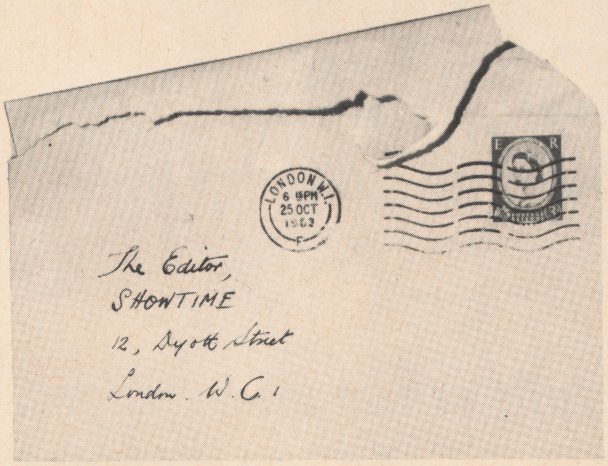
THERE are some pretty promising young actors in films today—among them George Hamilton, George Peppard, Albert Finney and Terence Stamp. However, the actor who, for my money, will have the biggest appeal is John Saxon. Not only has he got a lot of talent, but he has tremendous sex appeal as well.

Up to now he has been wasted. But I was delighted to see Otto Preminger give him a chance in his new production, The Cardinal. *I understand his part is small—no matter. It is an important production and I'm sure it will lead to more exciting work than he has been offered in the past. I hope so—he deserves it.*

Anne Miles,
First Avenue,
Hove, 3, Sussex.



JOHN SAXON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The Editor,
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THE GIRL TO TAKE MARILYN'S PLACE?

Since the sad death of Marilyn Monroe many actresses, including Sandra Dee and Tuesday Weld, have been put up as "the girl to take her place."

Personally I don't think there is an actress in the world who can replace Monroe—and certainly not the actresses suggested.

There is, however, one actress who has been completely overlooked—if anyone can become Hollywood's new glamour queen it's Martha Hyer. She has proved she can handle both comedy and drama—and she has that champagne personality that made Marilyn so popular.

Mark Fisher,
Mansfield Road,
Nottingham.

Burt's debut

Could you clear up a point on Burt Lancaster? I was certain he made his screen debut in a film called *Champion*, but a friend insists it was Kirk Douglas who starred in this production. Who is right?

Claire Wilcox,
Alton,
Hants.

(Your friend is right. Kirk Douglas starred in *Champion* and Burt Lancaster made his debut in *The Killers* in 1946).

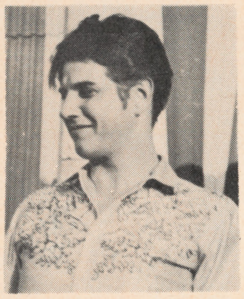
Garner's next

You were right in the January edition of SHOWTIME when you said that James Garner has proved *Maverick* is far behind him.

He was excellent in *The Thrill Of It All* and *The Great Escape*. Now I understand he is to make another big scale production, *36 Hours*.

Good luck to him. But I hope he doesn't forget it was TV that first gave him a chance.

Alec Jeeps,
Mollison Way,
Edgware.



A great Birdie

Having seen *Bye Bye Birdie*, I think Jesse Pearson, as Conrad Birdie, is the best thing in it. His performance as the thick pop singer is excellent.

Ann-Margret is pretty good, too. I'd like to see her in a taut, dramatic role.

Clive Jessop,
Revelstoke Road,
London, S.W.18.

The experiment

I read that Dean Martin is to send his daughter, Gail, to a school in Devon. "I reckon Gail needs some of that British discipline," he said when making the decision.

I hope the experiment proves successful.

I have four teenage daughters and it seems to me that the discipline in British schools is as lax as anywhere.

Mary Rich (Mrs.),
Bromley,
Kent.

The greatest

In January SHOWTIME Carl Foreman called Jeanne Moreau the screen's greatest actress. I disagree.

Moreau is great—but I think Ingrid Bergman and Shirley MacLaine are greater. And let's not forget Sophia Loren. Her performance in *Two Women* was the finest I have ever seen.

Wendy Reynolds,
St John's Wood High Street,
London, N.W.8.

Britain's answer?

Susan Hampshire's career has suddenly come to life. After years, in which she did little worth talking about, she was given a leading role in a Disney film, then came *Night Must Fall* and now she stars in *Wonderful Life*.

I am delighted with her progress. Miss Hampshire seems to have all the qualities necessary to take her to the top. She is equally at home in comedy and drama. I see her as Britain's answer to Joanne Woodward.

Celia Smith,
Ladbroke Grove,
London, W.11.

Disappointing

I went along to my local cinema the other night and saw the old Marlon Brando film, *On the Waterfront*. A few nights later I caught up with *The Young Lions*.

In both films Brando was brilliant—but particularly in *Waterfront*.

Since these films were made, however, I have been terribly disappointed with Brando's work. The promise he showed has not matured.

Waterfront was made over ten years ago. *The Young Lions* almost six years ago. It's astonishing that such a long time has gone by without Brando getting a really good part.

Richard Clarkson,
Chalfont St. Peter,
Bucks.

ELVIS PRESLEY

where does he go from here?

"He should make fewer films. At the moment he is over-exposed on the screen..."

A Showtime special by Dick Tatham

WHICH way for Elvis in 1964? Will the former King of Beat come storming back to regain the prestige he lost in 1963? Or are we to see month after month of further decline for the one-time miracle boy from Memphis?

I find these questions specially interesting to pose—having been the first journalist in Britain to write about Elvis. It seems yesterday. It was, in fact, eight years ago . . .

I remember doing the rounds of Tin Pan Alley, showing a photograph of Elvis to Britain's pop music men—and getting blank stares!

I remember making the Elvis-pelvis gag in print—and predicting it would be made by thousands of others!

I remember, too, that it took a couple of months to sell the American to British fans—and then those high-voltage discs started whamming their way up the charts and the legend had started . . .

As we know, the legend grew and grew—and not till the early part of 1963 was there the least sign of it being punctured. Let's recap on what happened . . .

Since the day in the spring of 1956 when Elvis became a beat-world sensation with *Heartbreak Hotel*, his discs had ranged from mere smash hits to absolute sensations.

To take just two examples of the sensations . . . *I Got Stung* went straight from nowhere to number one in our charts in January, 1959. So did *It's Now Or Never* in November, 1960.

Both, of course, also achieved fantastic sales in America and many other countries.

For a more modest, run-of-the-mill Presley success, a reasonable example is *Return To Sender*. This came into our charts in fifth place in November, 1962, was second a week later, was top for two weeks—then back to second for several weeks before falling away.

But now let us take Elvis's hit parade record for 1963 . . . *One Broken Heart For Sale* was the first, clear sign of the start of trouble—the first undeniable crack in the monolith of Presley popularity.

It was released in Britain in March last year. It could get no higher than eighth. In America, where it was issued slightly earlier, its sticking point was 11th. By Presley standards, it flopped like a pancake dropped from a height.

Had Elvis got careless? Maybe. But this certainly wasn't so with his next disc, *Devil In Disguise*. After a long period of relying on film songs for his flings at the record charts, Elvis held a special session at the RCA Victor studios in Nashville in a bid to get back on to the smash-hit kick . . .

Result: good—but hardly sensational. On both sides of the Atlantic, its climb was steady rather than spectacular.

In Britain, one music paper gave it a single week in first place. But according to the others, it missed the number one spot which in the past had been automatic for Elvis. In America it reached third place.

Then: *Bossa Nova Baby*. Eighth in the States. Eleventh in Britain. Far, far below the Presley standards of old.

Now Elvis and the Colonel may not lose a wink of sleep over this. If the Presley income stopped tomorrow, they could presumably still live to be a hundred and have more money than they knew what to do with. So they could afford to play it cool over what happens to Elvis's discs in the charts.

But the fact remains that Elvis is no longer boss of the pop 'n beat. He is no longer the best bet for top sales in the States.

Britain? Predicting disc sales is a job where even the accepted experts often come unstuck. You can't avoid a large element of guesswork. But I would still, on current form, expect Cliff Richard, Frank Ifield and Billy J. Kramer to outsell Elvis in the Top Twenty. If you bring groups into it—the Beatles, the Pacemakers and so on—then Presley is well down the list.

What's more, I don't think Elvis can reclaim his crown just for the asking. I think he stands a chance of getting it back *only* under certain conditions. These could be the main ones . . .

(1) He should make fewer films. At the moment, he is over-exposed on the screen—and his more recent efforts have hardly won a reputation for unwavering brilliance. He could well follow the policy of our Cliff Richard, who doesn't film too often—but comes up with something special when he does.

(2) Cutting down on films would give Elvis time to do what his fans have been demanding for years: *appear before them in person.*

Moreover, he would need to do this for fees which would enable promoters to keep ticket prices near to normal—the day being gone when fans would have paid the earth to watch a Presley concert. The argument that this might harm the Presley image no longer stands up; the image is *already* suffering through his failure to come to his fans in person.

(3) To take further steps to show he is not as indifferent as some of us might think. For example, Britain's *Elvis Via Telstar League* stated last September they were petitioning the Colonel for a Presley appearance on transatlantic TV. At the time of writing, nothing seems to have happened.

Again, Presley has for years enjoyed in Britain not only a good fan following, but a good press. Yet the interviews he has granted to British newspapermen have been either scarce or non-existent.

(4) To make discs having the same fierce beat and blood-tingling excitement as in his early ones.

(5) To diet—or to do special exercises—or to do *something* to stop that waistline spilling over his trunks in his beefcake pictures.

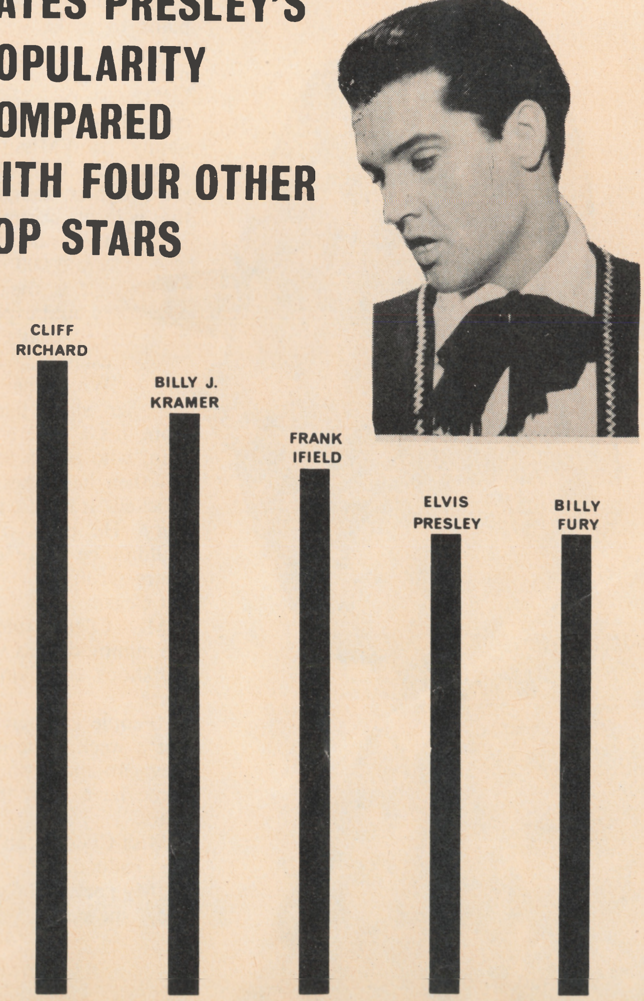
These are things Elvis *can* do something about. What he *can't* do anything about is that on January 8 he was 29 years old—an advanced age for a pop idol.

Just the same, he is so unique a personality, the age factor need not be a bar.

I doubt if anyone in the pop world *wants* Elvis to go into a decline. Showbusiness got a tremendous shot in the arm when he came into it. It would have been a more humdrum, far less red-blooded a world without his influence over the years.

But I don't think he can stay on—or near—the pinnacle of the pop world on his own terms. He can do it only if he adapts himself to the current situation. I hope he decides to do just that.

THIS IS HOW TATHAM RATES PRESLEY'S POPULARITY COMPARED WITH FOUR OTHER POP STARS



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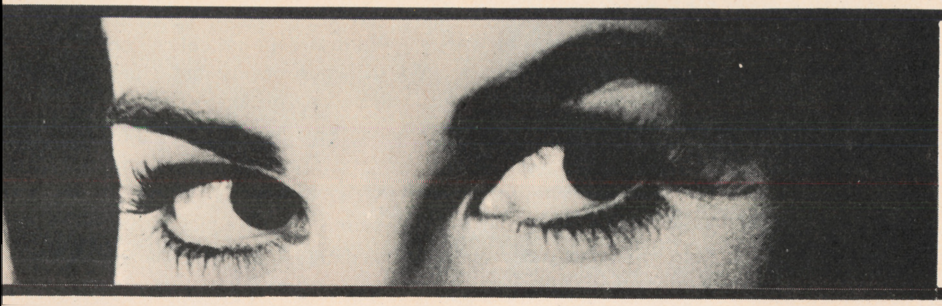


Our roving reporter
keeps an eye
on the latest news,
gossip and casting

Diane Cilento talks about . . .

The film I will make with Sean

I HAVE been talking to that fine actress Diane Cilento about the film she is to make with her husband, Sean Connery—and, from what she says, a very exciting production it is likely to be.

"We have been wanting to make a film for ages," Miss Cilento told me. "There were two problems. Sean has been pretty busy with the James Bond films and I've had a pretty hectic time, too. Also we were determined to get a really good story to film. Now, at last, I know we have one."

The film (no title yet) that Miss Cilento plans to make with her husband tells the story of a girl who is left in charge of an opal mine after her father is killed.

"The story is set in Australia and, as I come from Australia, that makes me very happy," said Miss Cilento. "But the location where we will shoot the film is set in one of the roughest, toughest parts of the world—that is in the centre of Australia. It's like the other side of the moon there. You are 3,000 miles from anywhere and it is the last place on earth you would expect to find a girl.

"That's what makes the story so exciting," continued Miss Cilento. "While the girl has her father with her she's fine—but when she's left alone it's a different matter. She meets one man, who seems to take her father's place, but then he makes a pass at her and she's shocked. It's then that Sean comes into the story. He plays a rodeo rider. The part couldn't be more different from Bond. He wears scruffy, dirty clothes and is anything but elegant."

Miss Cilento told me that it is so hot in the mining district where her story is set that the shops and living quarters are set in the caves.

"People go there intending to remain for just a week," she explained. "But they find they can make so much money they stay. Some have been there for as much as ten years."

Miss Cilento can't wait to get to work on the production.

"My part as the girl is the best I have ever had," she said.

Sean Connery as James Bond.

focus on the Charladies

TV Stars on the big screen.

THE new George Brown production, *Ladies Who Do*, tells the story of a group of City charladies who battle with a property tycoon (Harry H. Corbett) who threatens to pull down their homes.

Harry H. Corbett

Peggy Mount

Directed by C. M. Pennington-Richards this amusing comedy is a must for filmgoers who admire the work of Britain's top character actors—the cast includes Robert Morley, Peggy Mount, Miriam Karlin, Jon Pertwee, Ron Moody, Graham Stark and, of course, Harry H. Corbett.

It's Corbett's job, in the film, to convince his charlady that she and her fellow chars would be better off in modern homes, instead of the old houses which he wants to pull down.

The chars, however, will not hear of it—and they even stage a battle to hold up the demolition work.

Ladies Who Do has some very amusing moments and gives us a chance to see some familiar faces in unusual roles.

Miriam Karlin

Burt Lancaster
a man of mystery

In a recent article on Burt Lancaster a Hollywood reporter called him "egocentric, Machiavellian, pompous, cold and rough, tough and mean." A pretty harsh description and one that not everyone agrees with.

Luchino Visconti, for instance, who directed Lancaster in The Leopard.

"In the film Lancaster plays the prince," explained Visconti. "He was a very complex character—at times autocratic, rude, strong: at times romantic, good, understanding. But most of all he was mysterious. Burt is all these things, too. I sometimes think Burt is the most perfectly mysterious man I have ever met in my life. But to call him cold, rough, tough and mean just isn't true."

Claudia Cardinale, his co-star in The Leopard, *agrees with this.*

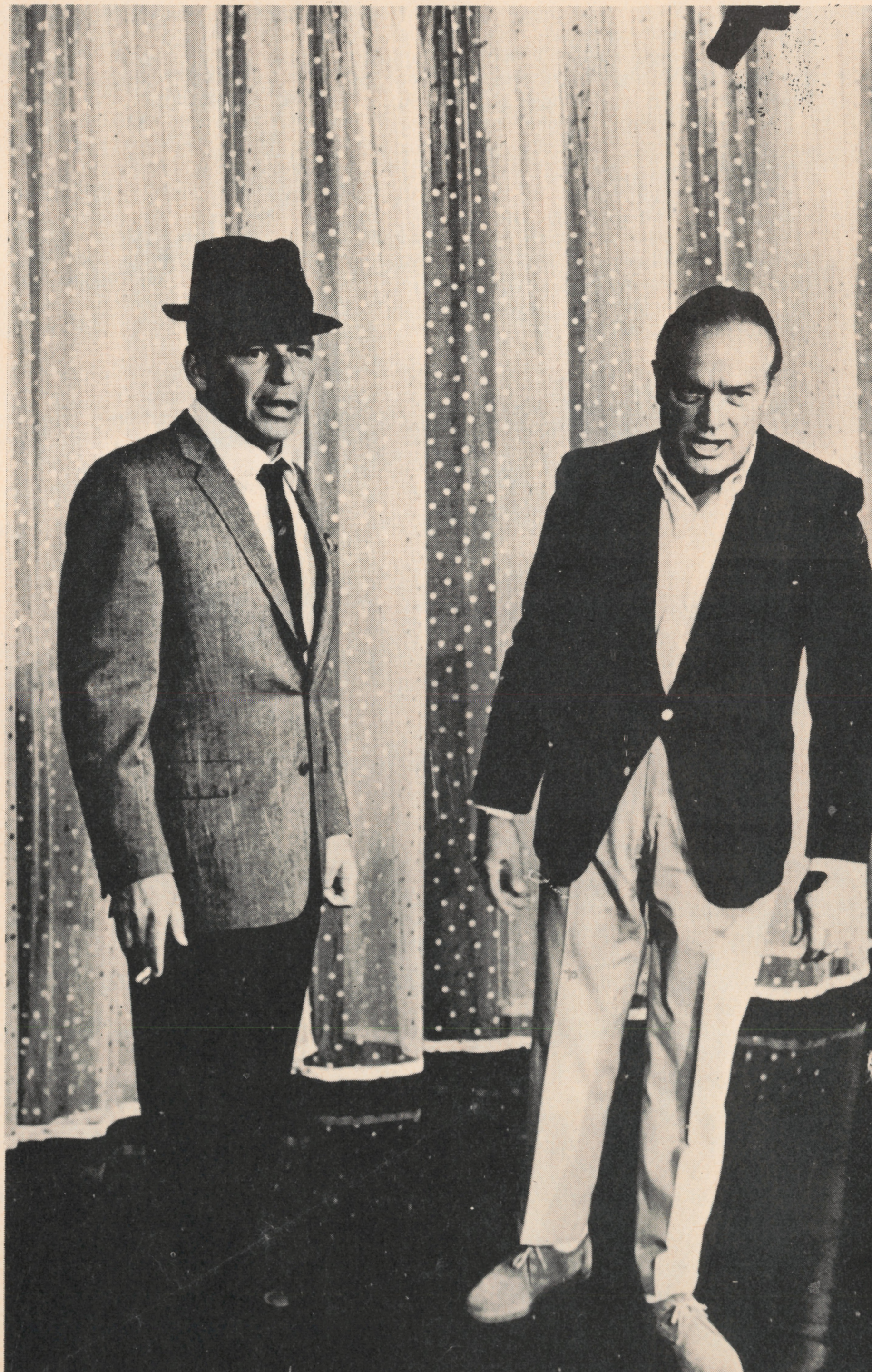
"He is one of the kindest men I've ever worked with," she said. "He is always willing to help. He takes his work seriously, but he's always ready to share in a good laugh."

The Leopard *was, in fact, one of the most difficult films Lancaster has ever made.*

"Playing the prince was very tricky," he said. "I wanted to see if I could really slip completely into another man's cloak. Some parts you fall into like an old glove. But the prince—he was a stranger and it took some doing."

On stage...
FRANKIE AND BOB

You can be sure that when two entertainers like Bob Hope and Frank Sinatra get together on a stage something is going to happen. The audience at this recent show were not disappointed. The pair clowned and sang together for almost an hour. "You see," quipped Bob afterwards, "I can get by without Crosby!"



The Mike Tomkies Column

Continued from page 7

Thyself. I couldn't follow it even if I wanted to. I have no idea who Peter Sellers is.

"I have no personality of my own, you see. I could never be a star because of this. I'm a character actor. I couldn't play Peter Sellers the way Cary Grant plays Cary Grant say—because I have no concrete image of myself (though I think I could do one helluva Cary Grant). I look in the mirror and what I see is someone who has never grown up—a crashing sentimentalist who alternates between great heights and black depths."

Peter's ambition is to make a film about kids with the profits going to under-privileged children around the world.

"I think I can tackle a film about children," he says. "I'm a child myself."

Spare a thought department: For Yvonne de Carlo, now making a comeback in Hollywood. She abandoned her career for more than a year, not through some selfish whim, not for a protracted holiday, not for any tax fiddle, not because she wasn't being offered anything.

Yvonne gave up working for that time to stay by the side of her stunt man husband, Bob Morgan, who was badly injured and narrowly escaped death when he was thrown beneath a runaway train while filming.

I wonder how many top actresses would have done the same?

David Niven lay flat on his back in the cold snow at Cortina for a scene in *The Pink Panther* . . .

Nothing happened for some seconds. Then director Blake Edwards told him: "The camera's frozen up. We'll have to warm it up. Keep cool!"

Sir Ralph Richardson wanted to keep in trim while filming *Woman Of Straw* in Majorca with Gina Lollobrigida. So he had his bicycle flown out. Then he found Gina was a keen cyclist, too.

"If I'd known that," said Sir Ralph, "I'd have flown out a tandem."

While filming *The Moonspinners* in Crete, our international girl star, Hayley Mills, was invited to a premiere. It was the film she had made FIVE years before—and her first ever—*Tiger Bay*.

But the Greeks had changed the title to: *Two Eyes See The Killer*.

A few days later Hayley went to see another of her films there, *Whistle Down The Wind*. This time the Greeks had changed the title to *Six Eyes See The Killer*.

This could get boring.

QUOTE—from Susan Hampshire:

"I hate being described as cool blonde bachelor girl Susan Hampshire. Why? Because cool blonde means '*I don't want her*.' Bachelor girl means '*You can have her*.' So what they really mean about me is '*I don't want her, you can have her, Susan Hampshire*!' "

The Dick Tatham Column

Continued from page 16

Around the time you read this, Mark Wynter will be 21. His birthday: January 29. He won't expect presents from his family. He will give *them* presents. It's an old family custom.

Comeback at 17? That's what lush 'n lovely Rosemary Lane is aiming at. At 13, she had a spell recording for Philips. Now she is having another stab at the Top Twenty on Oriole. But she has to fit showbusiness in with her studies at Harrow School of Art, where she is training for a teaching diploma.

Great disc for your party: "Dancing Round the World." It's by Jack Dorsey and his Top Rank orchestra. An extra good buy—seeing that it's in Pye's Golden Guinea series. Apart from making discs, Jack is resident at London's Astoria ballroom.

I renewed an old friendship with Johnny Burnette. We got talking about artists' reading habits and I happened to ask Johnny what his three favourite books were.

Short silence. Then Johnny said slowly, "Do you know, ah don't think ah've ever read a book in mah lahf. . . "

Have you got what it takes to be a film star's secretary?

Continued from page 8

Let's take a girl like Pat Ivens, who is now Stanley Kubrick's secretary.

Down at Shepperton, where she works in an office that's adjacent to a studio where they're making a film that calls for smoke and explosions, she said chokingly:

"Above all, I should say that you have to be efficient. Madly efficient. Everything around a studio is high-powered—from the conversation to the sound effects.

"Before I became Stanley Kubrick's secretary—which I've been for the past seven months—I worked for Carol Rice and Albert Finney.

"Very businesslike was Mr. Finney. I was tested first of all for my shorthand by Carol Rice. I'd been in advertising before—and then a theatre venture, which ended up bankrupt, and I was looking for something interesting to do. Then, last January, I met Mr. Kubrick."

She didn't sigh when she said it. But you could tell that she was very happy about this particular encounter.

"He seemed to like the look of me," she went on, "and asked if I'd like to work with him. Well, what would you do if up till then you'd just been a run-about girl secretary in the studios?

"I accepted—and I've enjoyed myself ever since."

And how does Mr. Kubrick feel about his secretary?

A very satisfied man listed his requirements—almost in the same order as Miss Ivens.

"Energy first. Then a sense of humour and, after that, an ability to cope with the kind of specialised things that would not normally crop up in any other kind of office or atmosphere."

The girl who was Sam Spiegel's secretary until a short while ago, Jean Mentz, agreed with Miss Ivens.

The only difference is that if you work for Sam Spiegel, it takes even more effort to keep pace. Because this is a man who likes to keep girdling the globe and is hardly ever happy out of a jet.

William Holden's secretary would have to cope with the same problem—a boss who was not in the same place for more than five minutes.

"I couldn't have a secretary who expected me to give her orders every day," said Holden. "She must be bright enough to get on with things for weeks without a word from me. She must also have a sense of humour—she'd need it!"

"A girl who is always the same would be my choice," added Tony Perkins. "I couldn't cope with a moody girl, because I'm moody myself. I'd need a girl who was cheerful despite everything—then she'd snap me out of my depressions."

And what do you think a girl can earn—provided she has the necessary qualifications? Between £18 and £20, if she's under 30. In some cases, after that, they could be paid anything between £30 and £40 depending on the producer's budget, her experience and her indispensability.

And if you find it difficult to break into films there's always television—although the pay is not on quite the same scale.

The main requirements for a producer's secretary, for example, are responsibility, efficiency, alertness, tact and diplomacy.

Naturally, if you are also pretty, with a good figure and the ability to mix socially with artists, you are that bonus-plus girl that executives are constantly seeking and rarely find.

It is also essential to have the constitution of a camel, because you might find yourself on a diet of snatched sandwiches for days on end.

Scripts are always liable to last-minute changes. And secretaries can be typing a script up until two in the morning and still be expected, bright and cheerful, in their office at ten the same day.

"One's eating hours are always up the spout," a casting director's secretary said.

"The greatest strain is to survive all this and then be expected to go to social functions, as one of the executive group, where you are expected to mix with all the artists on their intellectual level.

"They can afford to put a foot wrong if they're tired. A secretary wouldn't last long if she decided to weigh in with her real opinions at times.

"A good secretary is something more than a shorthand typist—although she must do this superbly well. She must be the one organised person in a disorganised life."

It isn't easy—any of it. As Carl Forman said—the quality he looks for first in a secretary (loyalty apart) is hard work.

And for many girls today, that's not exactly what they're thinking of when they apply for a glamour job.

In next month's SHOWTIME

- How I Write A Film Script - by Bryan Forbes
- Full colour portrait of Billy J. Kramer
- Doris Day and James Garner in *Move Over, Darling*
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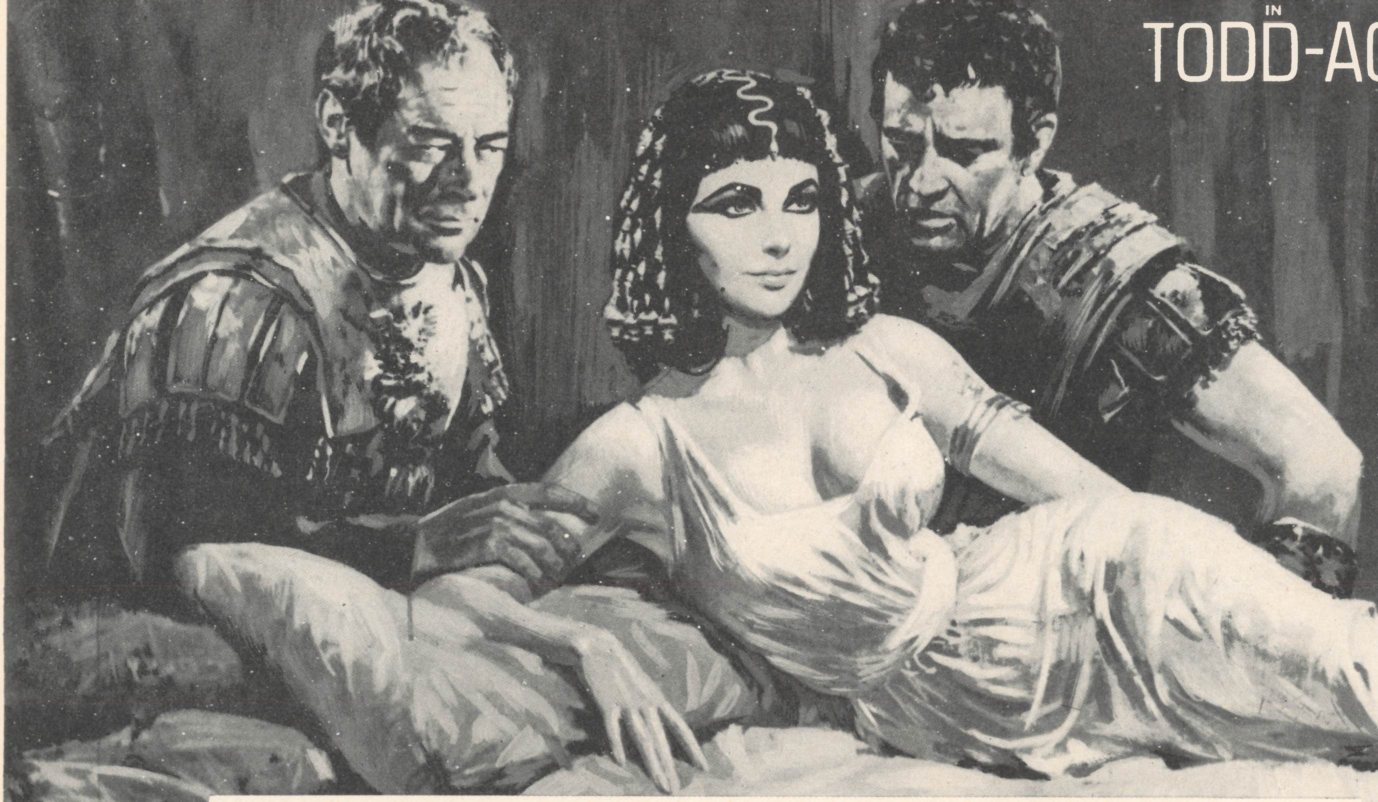

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—see inside

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